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A WORD ABOUT GRATTAN.

AN interval of over forty years since the death of Henry Grattan places him at a sufficient distance to enable us to see his character in its proper light—to judge correctly of its dimensions, and to record that judgment in language which shall be totally uninfluenced by the passions and prejudices, the inveterate, unreasoning hatred of political opponents, and the equally inveterate and unreasoning prejudices of political partisans. Every man who has attained to eminence, particularly political eminence, has lived under the constant action of the opposite poles of the social magnet—attracted by the one, repelled by the other. Even little great men, and in fact everybody who is somebody, feels the effects of these opposing influences. Your honest poor fellow, who never “says nothing to nobody,” who goes through life as if he had no elbows, jostling nobody and by nobody jostled, is no object for either attraction or repulsion. Round, smooth, soft, and blubbery, he passes over life’s journey without causing any friction; nor is there any angularity in his character to leave an impress on the “sands of time” over which he passes. The accumulated biographies of all the individuals of that species who have lived since the days of Noe or Adam could not, by any patent process which the inventive children of men have yet discovered, be made to yield as much wholesome, nutritious pabulum as might be cooked in a tailor’s thimble. Whatever humble uses and purposes they may have served in their own day, history has only to record of them that—

They ate and drank and slept. What then?
They ate and drank and slept again.

But such is not the case with those who have been eminently distinguished in their day and generation. They may all truly apply to themselves the Horatian line, *Non omnis moriar, &c.* Time may, and in truth often does, effect wonderful changes in their regard. The debts which contemporaries should have readily and promptly paid are too often left to be discharged by succeeding times, which—

“————— meanly just,
To buried merit raise a tardy bust.”

Succeeding times can also judge more accurately of a man's real merits and abilities than the epoch or generation in which he flourished, and that both for intrinsic and extrinsic reasons. Outside the minute analysis and tittle-tattle of biography (of which everyone is not thought worthy) nothing but what is really great and immortal in character descends to posterity. It is with this alone it is concerned, and leaving the follies, the frailties, and littleness, which may have been associated with great men, to repose in the silence of the tomb, it judges of the merits of the great departed by their endeavours and achievements in their respective spheres. This is what we shall endeavour to do with the character of Henry Grattan.

Henry Grattan was born in the city of Dublin, on the 3rd of July, 1746. His father, James Grattan, was for many years recorder of Dublin, and represented that city for some time in Parliament. His mother—daughter of Chief Justice Marlay—was a lady of considerable talent, for which her family was rather distinguished. One of her brothers was Bishop of Waterford, and another gained military renown on many a hard-fought field on the continent. Henry appears to have inherited a full share of the courage and talent of the family. During his school-boy days he was known amongst his playfellows as a lad of mettle, and of those who had the pleasure of going to school with him, there were few, even of the extreme peace party, who had not the additional pleasure of receiving practical illustration of the hardness of Grattan's knuckles. His organ of combativeness, as phrenologists would say, must have been fully developed—a development which was proved by the curious bumps, nameless in the nomenclature of phrenological science, which he was accustomed to raise on the heads of his schoolfellows. Leaving Grattan in pursuit of his phrenological recreations for the present, we must go back with the muse of history to a period antecedent to his birth, in order that we may the more clearly understand the position of the Irish Parliament and the circumstances of the time when he entered the political arena. Early in the reign of George I., a contest, which excited a very lively interest, arose between the Irish and English Houses of Lords, on a question of appellate jurisdiction. In the year 1719, a case of property, between Hester Sherlock and Maurice Annesley, was decided for the respondent, by the Court of Exchequer in Ireland; but the judgment was reversed on appeal to the Irish House of Peers. Annesley, the respondent, then brought the case before the House of Peers in England, and they affirmed the judgment of the Irish Court of Exchequer. The Irish Peers strongly denied the legality of the appeal to England, asserting that an appeal to the King in his Irish Parliament was definitive in any case in Ireland, and the Irish Judges pronounced their opinion to that effect. The complications and difficulties of the case were still more increased by the infliction of a fine on Alexander Barrowes, the Sheriff of Kildare, who refused to act upon the orders of the Court of Exchequer and of the

English Peers, by putting Annesley in possession of the estate; while, on the other hand, the Irish Peers removed the fine, and voted that the sheriff had acted with becoming courage in the matter. All the right and reason of the case appears to have been on the side of the Irish Peers; but, when a powerful adversary is once determined to have his way, reason and logic are but a poor defence. Though you should drink below him at the stream, you soil his water still. *Quod vult, vult*; that is the end of it.

This the Irish Peers very soon learned from an English enactment, which said: "That whereas attempts have been lately made to shake off the subjection of Ireland unto and her dependance upon the Imperial Crown of this realm; and whereas the Lords of Ireland, in order thereto, have of late, against law, assumed to themselves a power and jurisdiction to examine and amend decrees of the courts of justice in Ireland; therefore, ect., it is declared and enacted, ect., that the said kingdom of Ireland hath been, is, and of right ought to be, subordinate unto and dependent upon the Imperial Crown of Great Britain, as being inseparably united and annexed thereto; and that the King's Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords spiritual and temporal, and Commons of Great Britain, in Parliament assembled had, hath, and of right ought to have, full power and authority to make laws and statutes of sufficient force and validity to bind the people of the kingdom of Ireland. And it is further enacted and declared that the House of Lords of Ireland have not, nor of right ought to have, any jurisdiction to judge of, affirm, or reverse, any judgment, &c., made in any court within the said kingdom, &c. This is the celebrated obnoxious statute (6th of George I.) which was repealed by the still more celebrated Declaration of Irish Independence, carried in an epoch inseparably associated with Grattan's enduring fame.

By this statute the Irish Parliament was utterly degraded and provincialized. Individual members might occasionally, if they pleased, let off some steam in the shape of rhetorical bluster and figurative rhodomontade; but Ireland had nothing to expect from an assembly as utterly bereft of all dignity and independence as, the "praise God, Barebone's Parliament of England." Well had it been for the character of the Irish Parliament and for the repose of the unfortunate Irish Catholics, if, when that Parliament was thus rendered powerless for good, it had also ceased to be potent for evil. Individuals and bodies of men sometimes act as if they were covetous for their own degradation. In the depths of the humiliation to which the English Parliament had sunk it, the Irish Legislature found for itself a still lower deep, by the penal enactments which its members passed against their Catholic fellow-countrymen. Fortunately, the full and proper treatment of our subject does not require that we should dwell minutely on this disheartening period of our history. We shall, therefore, mention only a few facts, which will sufficiently illustrate the character and spirit of those dreary times. In that same year, 1719, in which the Irish Parliament was degraded to the rank of a provincial assembly, it passed an act exempting Protestant Dissenters from certain penalties, to which they were liable in common with the Catholics, and, as

if prompted with a demoniac malignity to make the Papist feel that exemption in favour of the Dissenters still more sorely, a Bill was brought in in 1723, for still more effectually preventing the further growth of Popery. This Bill, however, contained a clause of so atrocious and monstrous a nature, against the Catholic clergy, that the whole barbarous measure was suppressed in England. Thus, for once, in the history of his country, did the Irish Papist find the statute (6th Geo. I.) a blessing and a protection. What a striking exemplification of the workings of that Providence which extracts some sweets from every bitter, some good from every evil! In 1727, on the accession of George II., the Catholics ventured to prepare an address to the new monarch. In this address they gave strong expression to their loyalty, and pledged themselves to a continuance of their faithful and peaceable demeanour. The address was presented by Lord Delvin to the lords justices, and was accompanied by a prayer that it might be transmitted to the king; but, it was received with the most contemptuous silence, and was, of course, never forwarded to England. Hitherto, Catholics might vote at elections, by taking the oaths of allegiance and abjuration; but, in this very year in which they addressed the new monarch, the Irish Parliament rewarded their loyalty and peacefulness by a bill, which deprived them of this last vestige of constitutional rights. Such then was Ireland, degraded in her Parliament and her people, when Grattan—the day star arose above the darkened horizon of his country's ruined hopes and fallen fortunes—the harbinger of a brilliant, but transient epoch, which serves, alas! only to render still more hideously manifest the horrid gloom which it dispelled, and the hideous darkness in which it was itself in turn extinguished. When we parted company with Grattan, we left him at school, enjoying himself with the hardest, but by no means the most agreeable of the manly exercises. In the interval, whilst we were journeying over the historic field down to the point at which we are now arrived, he has passed through Trinity College, “eaten his terms” (as it is phrased) in the Middle Temple, listened to the glowing oratory of Burke and Chatham, with the wrongs of America for their theme; left the avocations of the bar, to which he was called, in 1772, for the more exciting and congenial pursuits of politics, and is now sitting member for the borough of Charlemont, of which his friend, Lord Charlemont, had the patronage. The principal talent of the Irish Parliament was, at this time, arrayed against the Ministers, and the eloquence of the intellectual array within the House was effectually aided by the more potent, though voiceless eloquence of the serried ranks outside, of a native soldiery, whose name and exploits shall be more explicitly mentioned in the proper place. This armed body took its rise in 1777. In that year, in consequence of the war which was being waged with the revolted American colonies, a few soldiers only were left in Ireland to resist threatened invasion, and a petition to the Crown for a garrison, was met by the answer that the Government could not, under the circumstances, afford any adequate protection. Government being thus confessedly unable to protect them, the Irish resolved to protect themselves, and accordingly volunteers, composed

of men who had a stake in the country—of the upper and middle classes—formed themselves into regiments, and those were headed by the Earl of Charlemont, who played a most prominent part in the transactions of this memorable period. The effect of this general arming of the respectable classes soon became apparent in Parliament, and so confident did the leaders of the opposition, with Grattan at their head, become of the strength of their position, that in 1779, they proposed an amendment to the address, in which they declared the necessity of free trade, and succeeded in carrying the motion without the shadow of resistance on the part of the Crown. Emboldened by his success, and encouraged by the favourable aspect of public affairs, Grattan saw that the time had come to strike a legal and constitutional blow for Ireland, by relieving her of the miserable mockery of a Parliament, which was unable to act without the sanction of the English Privy Council. With that view, on the 19th April, 1780, he rose in his place to propose the memorable motion known in history as the "Declaration of Irish Right." It would be quite needless to make any quotation from this familiar and immortal speech, which has been delivered in all the varieties of pitch and intonation of which the Hibernian voice is susceptible, and in every form and fashion of emphasis and pronunciation of which the English language is not susceptible, by every generation of Irish schoolboys, from Grattan's time down to the present day. In fact, Grattan is as regularly "heard for his cause" as "Rothans, countrymen, and lovers." It will be sufficient to say in this place that as a specimen of vigorous, impassioned eloquence, and as a burning, enthusiastic assertion of national rights, this speech is entitled to an honoured place amongst the most imperishable efforts of ancient or modern oratory. Even those, whom its reasoning may fail to convince, if there be in their hearts one chord which can beat responsive to its impassioned tone, will readily pay the tribute of honest admiration to its exquisite imagery and polished diction. It made Grattan at once the idol of the Irish people. This was followed by a series of stirring events, during the succeeding two years, which, however important in themselves, we must pass over in a necessarily brief sketch of this kind. At the end of that time, that is to say, in 1782, Lord North, and the obstinate pig-headed ministry that lost America to England, went out of office, and were succeeded by the Rockingham ministry, of which the illustrious Charles James Fox was a prominent member; and after an unsuccessful attempt by Fox to get rid of the Irish difficulty by diplomacy, the British Parliament acknowledged the legislative independence of Ireland. This occurred on the 16th April, 1782, when Grattan moved the celebrated "Declaration of Irish Independence" (which was carried *nem. con.*) as an amendment in an address to the Crown. The marrow of this celebrated document, which is too long to quote *in extenso*, is contained in the following passage, which was so familiar to the Irish public in the days of O'Connell's agitation for a Domestic Legislature. "That there is no body of men competent to make laws to bind this nation, except the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland; nor any other Parliament which hath any authority, or power of any sort whatever, in this country, save only the

Parliament of Ireland." That Grattan and the sturdy patriots of his days considered the most rigid loyalty to be reconcileable with the most vigorous and uncompromising assertion of Legislative Independence, appears from the following passage in the address, which declares that the people of Ireland "never expressed a desire to share the freedom of England, without declaring a determination to share her fate likewise—standing or falling with the British nation."

Though it is vain to deny that a great deal may be granted to the powers of eloquence, yet, it would be rather much to suppose that such a triumph could have been achieved even by such oratorical powers as Grattan possessed. The tauridity of John Bull is not easily moved by any eloquence, still less by what he depreciatingly calls Irish eloquence; but, he saw behind Grattan's back 80,000 volunteers, ready-armed for a Bull-bait, if their reasonable demands were refused. His recent transatlantic experiences taught him that such a mode of amusement, however grateful it might be to Irish volunteers, would be anything but pleasing to a poor Bull, whose back was still smarting, bruised and blackened from a castigation lately received in America, the band playing "Yankee doodle." He therefore kept at a respectful distance from the volunteers, whom he affected not to see, bellowed a little, stamped, and flourished his tail in order to show some pluck, had then recourse to the unsuccessful negotiations of his artful friend—a Fox—and when ultimately driven to bay, and anxious, like Cæsar, to consult for his dignity, even in his last moments, he thought it would appear better if he pretended to yield to the arguments of Grattan rather than to the threats of his armed associates. He accordingly acceded to that gentleman's request, for whose eloquence and patriotism, he now, for the first time, professed a vehement admiration. Mr. J. H. Hutchinson, his Majesty's principal Secretary of State, in communicating a message to the House of Commons from the Lord Lieutenant, by command of his Majesty, as preliminary to assenting to their claim, said—"Not only the present age, but posterity would be indebted to Mr. Grattan for the greatest of all obligations; and would, but he hoped at a great distance of time, inscribe upon his tomb, *that he had redeemed the liberties of his country.*" The position of Grattan, therefore, in this great movement is that of leader of the van of the armed citizens, who, taking their designation from this epoch, are familiar to us all as the Volunteers of '82. They had been enrolled for the purpose of protecting their country from foreign invasion, but Grattan's eloquence and ardent patriotism determined them to take a bold and manly stand for domestic independence. The consequence of that stand was just what we have narrated. In speaking thus of Grattan, in connexion with this period, we only say what has been so often said and sung in the familiar ballad—

When Grattan rose
None dare oppose
The claims he made for freedom;
They knew our swords,
To back his words,
Were ready, did he need them.

THE ROMANCE OF LIFE—OLD PRISONS.

BY FRANK THORPE PORTER, ESQ., A.M.

CHAPTER III.

No place of confinement could be built with a greater tendency to deter persons from becoming its inmates, than the former city gaol of Dublin; the soot-begrimed walls and rusty portal of which still bear the name of *Newgate*, whilst its front constitutes a considerable portion of a small locality, the aspect of which suggests no idea of verdure, nevertheless it is called *Green-street*. The interior is not well adapted for security, as numerous escapes have proved; and cleanliness ceases to be a difficulty, and merges into impossibility. It is a place replete with fatal memories, which it is not the object of this contribution to evoke, and, consequently, the reader will not have to recoil from an unexaggerated description of human suffering. In one of the back yards, to the right of the entrance, was the place of confinement for the condemned, the walls of which in former days exhibited initials, and sometimes entire names, of unhappy denizens. In the year 1815, after the execution of a culprit for forging notes of the Bank of Ireland, the following lines were found pencilled on the door of his cell:—

“ Unhappy wretch, whom Justice calls
To bide your doom within those walls,
Know that to thee this gloomy cell
May prove, alas! the porch of Hell—
Thy crimes confest, thy sins forgiven,
Mysterious change! it leads to Heaven.”

It is to be hoped that the soul of the poor prisoner experienced the “mysterious change” which his untimely fate led him so fully to appreciate.

When Oliver Bond was under sentence of death for treason, and whilst there was every probability that the law would take its course, he was permitted, during the daytime, to occupy an upper apartment, the door of which was partly of glass. Mrs. Bond was as much with him as the regulations permitted, and was sitting in this room upon the day when Mr. Michael William Byrne was executed as a United Irishman. The fatal procession had to pass close by the door of Bond's apartment, and, as it approached, Mr. Byrne remarked to the sheriff, that as Mrs. Bond was with her husband, she would be deeply shocked by seeing a person pass to that scaffold on which, it was supposed, Mr. Bond would suffer in a few days. Mr. Byrne then suggested, that they should stoop and creep noiselessly by the door, so as to escape her observation. His wish was complied with; and on reaching the drop, he turned to the sheriff, and remarked, with an air of great satisfaction, “We managed that uncommonly well.” This spontaneous solicitude to spare the feelings of an afflicted female, surpasses even the gallant Count Dillon, who was one of the victims of the Reign of Terror in France, and who, when he arrived at the guillotine, was requested by a female fellow-sufferer to precede her, upon which the *preux chevalier*

saluted her with courtly grace, and stepped forward, saying: "Any thing to oblige a lady." If the reader will forgive this digression, he shall be re-conducted, but not as a criminal, to the "Old Prison."

In the year 1810, a manufacturing goldsmith of great respectability, named Gonne, lived in Crow-street. His establishment was celebrated for the superior execution of chased work, especially in watch-cases, and he had occasionally extensive orders from the house of Roskill, of Liverpool, the reputation of which for first-rate watches and chronometers, was then, as it is still, extremely high. Mr. Gonne indulged himself in the purchase of a splendid gold watch of Roskill's best make, and prided himself not a little on the possession of an article not to be surpassed either in exquisite ornamentation or accuracy of movement. He was fond of pedestrian excursions, and his hours of relaxation were frequently devoted to a ramble along the low road to Lucan, which is certainly not inferior, in picturesque scenery, to any other of the many beautiful localities in the vicinity of Dublin; but on one night Mr. Gonne came home greatly disgusted with his promenade, and avowing a determination never again to set foot on *that nasty road*. He did not bring home his beautiful watch, and it transpired that a man of small stature had disturbed an agreeable reverie by requesting to be accommodated with whatever money Mr. Gonne had in his possession, and that he also expressed great admiration of his watch, and the desire to become the proprietor of such a splendid article. The propinquity of a large pistol induced a speedy compliance with the disagreeable demand. On his arrival in Dublin, Gonne declared that he had been robbed by a *little tailor*. He stated that the fellow's features were concealed by a veil, and that as soon as he got the watch and a small sum of money into his possession, he managed to ascend the wall of Woodland's demesne with surprising agility, and on it he seated himself *cross-legged*. He then addressed the victim of his depredation by name, and assured him that his watch would be safely kept for three weeks, and that a full opportunity should be afforded him for redeeming it, at twenty guineas. Mr. Gonne pursued his way home, and speedily apprised the authorities of the outrage which had been perpetrated. He declared that he had never beheld the robber before, to his knowledge; that he did not recognise his voice, but he felt satisfied that he was a tailor, from the manner in which he sat on the wall. An experienced peace-officer who heard the description, agreed with Gonne that the delinquent was a tailor, and added, that he knew the man. It appeared, that there was a little knight of the thimble, of most remarkable activity, named Flood; he was of dissipated habits, and was known at the Racket-court, at John's-lane, where his play was most astonishing, he rarely missed a ball, and none would encounter him in a match of rackets, unless at very great odds. Flood was sought for, but was not forthcoming. The provincial towns were searched in vain, and it was supposed that he had left the country, when he was apprehended, almost in the act of committing a similar offence, on the Rock-road, which, at that time, constituted a portion of the city of Dublin. His haunts were discovered and searched, and several articles of value,

supposed to have been acquired by highway robbery, were found. There was a case quite sufficient for the conviction of Flood, in the affair for which he was apprehended; but it was deemed expedient to investigate several other charges, and amongst them the robbery of Mr. Gonne, who minutely detailed all the circumstances of his disagreeable adventure on the Lucan-road, but he could not identify the prisoner. He was then directed by the magistrate to pass round to the rear of the bench, and view a number of watches which were in a drawer, of which the magistrate had the key. His watch was not amongst them. Flood was committed for trial, and sent to Newgate on two other charges, but the robbery of Mr. Gonne was not considered one on which an indictment could be sustained.

At the period to which this narrative refers, there was a Lord Lieutenant in Ireland belonging to the highest rank of nobility. His tastes and amusements were rather dissimilar to those of our present Viceroy. His personal undertaking was sufficient for the disposal of three or four bottles of claret after dinner. He was so good a judge of whiskey-punch, as to impart to Kinahan's L. L. its peculiar designation and much of its popularity amongst "choice spirits." He dined at Donnybrook fair, *upstairs in a tent*, visited John's Well in its pattern days, took oyster suppers at the cellar of Queen Casey, in Britain-street, patronised an occasional cockle party at Irishtown, superintended matches of single stick in the riding-school, witnessed what was then termed the "royal sport of cockfighting," in Clarendon-street, and his fingers were no strangers to "the gloves." But his favourite amusement was harmless and graceful—he played rackets frequently in John's-lane, and took great pleasure in witnessing a match well contested by first-rate players. At the time of Flood's detection, his Excellency was making a tour through the south of Ireland, and after an interval of about six weeks, he returned to Dublin, to receive some English visitors of distinguished position and convivial propensities. Amongst them was Lord Sydney Osborne, the brother of the Duke of Leeds. This nobleman prided himself upon his skill at rackets, and on the day of his arrival, stated at the viceregal table, that he was open to play any man in the world for a thousand guineas. His Excellency immediately took up the wager, and undertook to find a successful competitor for his noble guest. It was stipulated that the match should be played within three weeks, at the Kildare-street Club Racket-court. On the following morning the Lord Lieutenant proceeded to John's-lane, and apprised the marker of the racket-court that he wished to find a little fellow, whom he had frequently seen there, and whom he described as the most expert player that he had ever seen, as one who distanced all his antagonists, but he had forgotten his name.

"My lord," replied the marker, "I think your Excellency means Flood."

"Yes—yes; I now recollect the name; I want him particularly, for I have wagered a large sum on his playing a match with an English gentleman; and if he wins, I shall reward him most amply."

"Murder! murder!" exclaimed the marker, "your Grace must lose; Flood can't play your match, he is to be hung on Saturday. He played

rackets well, but he played some queer tricks too; he used to go looking for watches and pocket-books on the roads outside Dublin, so he was caught at last, just near Merrion church-yard. Baron George tried him, and he was found guilty. The judge told him to expect no mercy, so he is to die at Newgate, on Saturday."

"'Tis a d——d business," said his Excellency.

"It's likely enough to end that way, indeed," replied the marker, for he was rather badly conducted, and he has but a very short time to make his soul. It is a pity for poor Flood; he has played a losing game at last. He was always lucky here, and would win at any odds, but Tom Galvin* will beat him now *on a tie*."

His Excellency departed greatly disconcerted; he felt that he had been too hasty in his wager. His thousand guineas appeared to be hopelessly gone, and he could not bear to think how Lord Sydney would chuckle at a walk over. He dined that day in Stephen's-green, with his very intimate friend, Sir Hercules L——, to whom, after the first cooper of claret had disappeared, he communicated his unpleasant predicament. To his great surprise, Sir Hercules did not appear to think that there was any very great difficulty in the matter, and even intimated his willingness to back Flood for a hundred or two. "There is no danger," observed the convivial baronet, "of a change of ministry; you will be Lord Lieutenant for some years, so the sooner you give Flood a pardon, and set him to practise for the match, the better chance for your wager."

"Could there be a memorial got up in his favour?" suggested his Excellency.

"It would not be advisable," replied Sir Hercules, "it would make the affair a public topic. No, that would not do; just send over a pardon to-morrow; let Flood come to me, I shall procure liberty for the fellow to practise at the Shelbourne-barracks, and he can also get into the court at the Club at early hours, as I understand that the match is to be played there."

It was soon known that Flood was saved; the motive was left to public ingenuity to discover, and, consequently, every reason, except the true one, was assigned. It was supposed by many that he had given some valuable information about a recent robbery of the mail; but in the meantime, he had been apprised of the high opinion entertained of his skill as a racket-player, and the expectations that he would win the match. Full of gratitude for his escape from the gallows, he promised to win, and redeemed his promise. His noble antagonist was an excellent player, but in hand, eye, and agility, the tailor was vastly superior. The nobleman became agitated and lost his temper, which was speedily followed by his money. His aristocratic feelings were not, however, outraged by even a suspicion of the fact, that he was defeated by a little tailor, who, if the law had been permitted to take its course, would have "shuffled off his mortal coil" in front of Newgate, and who had been liberated from the condemned cell, for the purpose of liberating a thousand guineas from the pocket of a duke's brother.

* The executioner.

His Excellency gave Flood fifty pounds and some good advice, suggesting a removal from Dublin, and even from Ireland; but Flood was, for some time, unwilling to depart. He remained amongst those who could only know him as "the unhanged one," in a city where character could never be retrieved. His trade was useless; he could obtain no employment. His money was soon exhausted; and he had an insuperable objection to recur to his former nocturnal strolls in quest of watches and purses. Unwilling to give the law another chance of his neck, he at length determined to leave Ireland, as soon as he could obtain the means of crossing the channel. Mr. Gonne was rather surprised by receiving a visit from him, and still more by the request of a pound note. The indignation of the man who had been robbed of his watch and money exploded at once. He assured Flood how sincere were his feelings of disappointment and regret at finding that the gallows had been shamefully defrauded of its due. He then informed him, in terms more plain than polite, that he could not expect any contribution on the voluntary principle, but that a reasonable expenditure would willingly be incurred to procure a halter, if its application to Flood's neck was guaranteed. The "unhanged one" bore all this very meekly, and said that he had a simple and intelligible proposal to make, namely, that Mr. Gonne should lodge one pound in the hands of a certain person, on condition that it should be restored if the watch was not recovered by its owner; but if the article was procured for Mr. Gonne, Flood was to receive the pound to enable him to leave Dublin for ever.

This offer was acceded to, and the pound was deposited with Jack Stevenson, of St. Andrew-street. Jack was a man of very extensive connections. He had nephews and nieces in abundance, and whenever any of them wished to retire plate, jewels, or trinkets, from the vulgar gaze, Jack, like an affectionate uncle, *advanced* and took charge of the valuable deposits. He adorned the space between his front windows with the ancient arms of Lombardy, three golden apples, and his transactions with his relatives were of such a particular nature, that they were recorded *in duplicate*. He had known Flood in his early days, before he had become an adept in either racket-playing or robbing. The pound having been lodged, Flood and Gonne proceeded to the last place in Dublin to which it might be supposed that Flood's steps might be voluntarily directed, to the police-office, where he had been charged, and from which he had been committed: There he told Gonne to remain at the exterior door, and when the magistrate came out to ask him "What o'clock is it exactly now, sir?" Gonne complied strictly with this direction, and his worship readily, but rather too hastily, produced a watch. No sooner was it displayed than its appearance elicited the most disagreeable oath ever sworn before a justice of the peace, for Gonne instantly exclaimed, "By—that's my watch."

Gonne obtained his watch, and was with great difficulty prevented from bringing the transaction under the notice of the government. The system by which the worthy justice managed occasionally to possess himself of a valuable watch or some other costly article, consisted in having two or

three drawers, wherein to keep the property found with highwaymen or thieves. If the prosecutor identified the delinquent, he was then shown the right drawer; but if he could not swear to the depredator's person, the wrong drawer was opened. The magistrate to whom this narrative refers, was dismissed in a short time after, for attempting to embezzle fifty pounds. The contributor of this narrative only wishes to add, in reference to such an ornament to the bench, that he was not a barrister. Flood was afterwards, for many years, the marker of a racket court, at Tottenham Court-road, London. He judiciously and wittily changed his name to *Waters*.

Dwyer, one of the insurgent chiefs of 1798, had prolonged his resistance to the authorities for a considerable time after the insurrection had been generally quelled. In the mountains of Wicklow, with some few, but faithful followers, he evaded every exertion for his apprehension. Mr. Hume, of Humewood, near Baltinglass, was particularly anxious to secure Dwyer. He was the commander of a corps of yeomanry and a magistrate of the county of Wicklow, which he also represented in Parliament. His influence was very extensive, and he easily obtained the co-operation of the civil and military functionaries of his own and the adjoining districts. Still, Dwyer was not to be had. At length he made an arrangement, that the yeomanry corps of the western division of Wicklow should assemble, at an early hour on a particular day, at Humewood, and set out to scour the country, exploring every recess, and leaving no place on hill or plain unransacked for Dwyer. Yeomanry from Wexford, Carlow, and Kildare were to move on preconcerted points, so as to intercept the fugitive, if he attempted to shift his quarters to a distance. A day was wholly spent in a most fatiguing march. It appeared as if Dwyer had transformed himself into a bird, and flown beyond their reach or sight. All their arrangements and exertions were vain. In a short time Mr. Hume received an intimation that if Dwyer would be permitted to leave the country, he would surrender. With the assent of the government, Mr. Hume acceded to this offer. Dwyer came to Humewood, but its proprietor was in Dublin, whither Dwyer proceeded. He had scarcely reached the city when he was arrested and brought before "The Major." When Sirr heard Dwyer's statement, that he had followed Mr. Hume to Dublin, for the purpose of surrendering, he directed a communication to be addressed to that gentleman, but, meanwhile, he sent Dwyer to Newgate. On the following day Mr. Hume was with the prisoner at an early hour, assured him that he should obtain a speedy release, and that he should suffer no annoyance whilst preparing for a voyage to America. The governor of the prison was then called for, and Mr. Hume requested him to provide, at his expense, for Dwyer's immediate comforts. The outlaw was well treated during his short confinement, and expressed, at his departure, his warmest gratitude to Mr. Hume. The latter, in his parting interview, said: "Before we separate for ever, Dwyer, will you tell me how you avoided capture on the day that we scoured the whole country in search of you?" "Sir," replied Dwyer, "I went to Humewood on the previous night, and when the yeos were starting in quest of me, *I was looking at them from your hay loft.*"

The Sessions' House, immediately adjoining the old prison, may be considered as a part of the concern. It is associated with many sad, and some very extraordinary memories. In the early part of the present century, an Aid-de-camp of the then Viceroy was indicted for the larceny of a handsome cane, and also for assaulting a gentleman who owned the cane, and who was, moreover, a Frenchman. The transaction arose in a house of a description unnecessary to be particularised. An affray took place, the Frenchman was kicked down stairs, and lost his cane, which was alleged to have been wrested from him by the Viceregal Aid-de-Camp. The charge of larceny was ridiculous, and the grand jury ignored the bill. But the assault could neither be denied nor justified, and the traverser submitted, and was fined ten pounds. It did not cure his propensities for beating Frenchmen, and taking their *sticks*. On the 21st of June, 1813, he beat Marshal Jourdan at Vittoria, and *took his baton*; and on the 18th of June, 1815, at Waterloo, he beat the greatest Frenchman that ever lived, Napoleon Bonaparte. The reader can easily guess the name of the former Aid-de-Camp.

When Walker was Recorder of Dublin, his town residence was in Lower Dominick-street. One day a groom, in the service of a Mr. Gresson, was tried for stealing his master's oats. The evidence was most conclusive, for the culprit had been caught in the fact of taking a large bag of oats out of the stable, which was in a lane at the back of the east side of Dominick-street. When the prisoner was convicted, the Recorder addressed him thus—

"The sentence of the court is, that you be imprisoned for three calendar months, and at the commencement of your imprisonment you are to be publicly whipped from one end of *that lane* to the other, and back again; and at the conclusion of your imprisonment, you are to be publicly whipped from one end of *that lane*, and back again, for I am determined, with God's help, to put a stop to oat-stealing in *that lane*." His worship's emphatic denunciation of oat-stealing in *that lane* arose from the circumstance of his own stable being next door to Mr. Gresson's.

The same civic functionary was a great amateur farmer. He had a villa and some acres of land at Mount Tallant, near Harold's-cross, and prided himself on his heavy crops of early hay. On one occasion he entered the court to discharge his judicial duties, and was horrified at hearing from the clerk of the peace that there were upwards of thirty larceny cases to be tried. "Oh! said he, this is shocking. I have four acres of meadow cut, and perhaps it will be spoiled by rain or neglected in my absence. Tell me," he continued in an under tone, "is there any old offender on the calendar?"

"Yes," replied the clerk of the peace, "there is Richard Branagan, he has been twice convicted for ripping lead, and he is here now for stripping the gutters of a house in Mary's-abbey."

"Send a turnkey to him," said the Recorder, "with a hint that if he pleads guilty, he shall have a light sentence."

His directions were complied with, and the lead-stealer was put to the bar and arraigned.

"Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty, my Lord."

"The sentence of the Court is," said the Recorder, "that you be imprisoned for three months—remove him."

Branagan retired, delighted to find a short imprisonment substituted for the transportation he expected. As he passed through the other prisoners, he was eagerly interrogated—

"What have you got?"

"Three months."

"Three months! only three months!" they exclaimed. "Oh! but we're in luck. His Lordship is as mild as milk this moruin'. It's seldom he's in so sweet a humour."

"Put forward another case," said the Recorder.

"Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty, my Lord."

"Let the prisoner stand back, and arraign the next."

Accordingly, the prisoners were rapidly arraigned, and the same plea of "Guilty," recorded in each case.

Presently, it was signified to his Lordship, that the calendar was exhausted. All the thieves had pleaded guilty.

"Put the prisoners to the front of the dock," said he, and they were accordingly mustered as he directed. He then briefly addressed them—

"The sentence of the Court is, that you and each of you be transported for seven years. Crier, adjourn the Court."

Branagan had been thrown as a sprat, and had caught the salmon very abundantly. The last incident might afford a useful suggestion to some of our present judges, especially on circuit, when there is a crowded dock. The reader may now adjourn, and depart, at least for a time, from the vicinity of the "Old Prison."

FIGMENTS OF FANCY.

BY THOMAS IRWIN.

CUPID'S CONSTELLATIONS.

Of earthly orbs to which thy spirit burns,
Choose while I ope to thee the starry treasure :—
The eye of Syrian odalisque, which turns
Sleepy soft, as with excess of pleasure ;
Dusk Egypt's ebon melancholy smile,
Dark and delicious as the wave of Nile ;
Italia's glossy flash of ecstasy,
Or proud and tranquil gaze of apathy ;
Galia's nymph-glances, vivid, gay, and meek,
Fed with the sparkles of a wit unsleeping ;

Castilia's, brilliant o'er her twilight cheek,
 Twin stars of eve, through hazel shadows peeping ;
 The English maidens, quiet-hued and gray ;
 The girl of Erin's, beaming like the young blue day,
 Founts of the heart for smiling and for weeping :—
 Round Cupid's altar, lit by summer skies,
 Kneel, lovers, kneel, and heave your prayer-like sighs,
 Enraptured magians, mid this heaven of eyes.

ANTIQUE AND MODERN ART.

In olden days, the artist mind
 Modeled and painted Cupid blind ;
 A foolish faith, yet one the while
 Acknowledged in the wisest towns ;
 But we, good moderns, protest
 Against this creed, and deem it best
 To shape the Boy in such a way,
 That while an eye of brightest ray
 Is oped to catch our mistress's smile,
 The other's closed upon her frowns.

TRANSIENT IMPRESSIONS.

FIRST when I met her, it seemed to my heart
 I had seen her in some bright isle apart—
 I felt that we never again could part ;
 And when she left me, so great was the flow
 Of tears that fell on her image of woe,
 That I wept it away in an hour or so.

THE ISLE OF THE STAR FAITH : SEA OF OMAN.

In the moonlight large blue eyes are beaming,
 In the twilight breeze dark locks are streaming :
 Trip it, light-limbed island girls,
 Round yon slender almond tree,
 Where your young cheeks, pure as pearls
 Of moon rain that the hill wind whirls,
 Shine through the dusk air lovelily.
 Go pluck the opening balm buds now ;
 Their loss to ye, no amaranth grieves ;
 Wreath them round each innocent brow,
 Whose thoughts are pure as their young leaves ;
 Lo ! though 't has lost its fairest bough,
 The tree's green heart with welcome heaves.

See the enraptured fountain leaping
 To the early stars that love it;
 Scarce through the twilight was it peeping
 Until its pulse-gods beamed above it;
 Seven, the orbs that shook its waves,
 Sisters seven of island bowers
 Circle the brim the fountain laves,
 And cast ye in it seven flowers;
 Lo! the liquid altar's spright
 Will bear your incense buds on high,
 While yon clear stars shall sing all night
 Your sacrifices through the sky.

TO DEATH—EVENING HYMN.

Come Death! come Death! across the world, 'mid silent evening dreams,
 When sunset's golden twilight fades over the land and streams—

Come to the poor man, old and lonely, with sad years oppressed;
 Who, with his shoulder laden down,
 With scanty heap of faggots brown,
 Through the dim woodway pacing slow,
 Toward his hut-hearth mouldering low;
 Hears in the gray airs round him wreathing
 The voices of loved lost ones breathing;
 And while the clear star of the west
 Glimmers upon the tears that break,
 Waked by mute memories, on his cheek,
 In whispers, ease his piteous soul with hopes of heaven and rest.

Pass to the cottage door, where laughing on its mother's breast,
 The wide-eyed infant gazing far,
 Grasps at the beauteous early star,
 Babbling upon the evening breeze
 Its new life's innocent ecstasies;
 And while as yet in raptures rare,
 All consciousness of grief or care,
 And future trouble manifold—
 Young life's blood blinded untried guest—
 Soothe to its close its day of gold,
 And mingle with Sleep's lullaby, a deeper meed of rest.

MILER MAGRATH AND THE BISHOP-HUNTERS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

In the year 1592, Edward M'Gauran was consecrated at Rome archbishop of Armagh, and in the same year he visited the court of Philip II. of Spain, to solicit aids for the Irish chieftains of the north, who were then preparing to rise in arms against the government of Queen Elizabeth. The Spanish monarch gave the Irish primate cordial welcome, and dismissed him with satisfactory assurances of his readiness to stand by O'Neill, O'Donnell, M'Guire, and the other magnates who were then confederating for the overthrow of English rule in Ireland. Elated at his success, M'Gauran took a passage in the ship of captain James Fleming, a merchant of Drogheda, and landed in that harbour some ten days after he weighed anchor at Carthage. Meanwhile, the Irish executive had been warned by the authorities in London, to keep a strict watch on the ports, and to take measures for M'Gauran's arrest, the moment he set foot on shore. Sir Richard Bingham received special instructions to examine all persons landing at Drogheda, and it is almost unnecessary to say, that he discharged his duty zealously and faithfully, for he was the most active and efficient commissioner of police at that period in the pay of England. Withal, clever as he was in his capacity of chief detective, M'Gauran contrived to elude him, stepped ashore from James Fleming's ship, and found shelter in the house of a Catholic who had made preparation for his entertainment. After a few days' repose, the archbishop set out for Enniskillen, and on his arrival there, was welcomed by M'Guire, to whom he delivered the letters which he had brought from the king of Spain. Safely lodged in the strong castle of the chieftain of Fermanagh, M'Gauran could afford to laugh at the precautions that had been taken for his arrest, and the utter disappointment of Bingham and his staff of bishop-hunters, who had let such a valuable prize slip through their fingers. Lord Burghley being informed of M'Gauran's arrival, lost no time in dispatching an angry missive to Fitzwilliam, censuring him for not arresting the "popish primate;" but the deputy excused himself by alleging that Bingham was at fault, and that that official had not acted with his accustomed cleverness. Bingham, in his turn, retorted on the deputy that he alone was not chargeable with remissness in this momentous business, and that there were others as culpable as he—if, indeed, any of the parties charged to arrest M'Gauran could be held accountable for the escape of such an important personage. Chafed by this innuendo, Fitzwilliam resolved to lose no time in laying hands on M'Gauran; and he accordingly wrote to M'Guire, commanding him to set out instantly for Dublin, and bring along with him the person of the "popish archbishop," and the letters, of which the latter was bearer, from Clement VIII. and the King of Spain. M'Guire replied that he was not at all anxious to visit Dublin castle, and that no threat or compulsion would or could persuade him to forget the sacred obligations of hospitality,

or deliver into the hands of his enemies the man whom he recognised as the chief of the Catholic religion in Ireland. If Fitzwilliam thought well of it, so ran M'Guire's answer,* he might come to Enniskillen and seize M'Gauran, if he could; but, to expect that he (M'Guire) would obey the deputy's mandate, and lower himself to the level of Bingham or adventurers of his sort, nothing could be more foolish or extravagantly absurd. Smarting under this rebuke, Fitzwilliam commissioned one Willis to enter Fermanagh with a *posse*, whom a cotemporary Protestant writer describes as "*three hundred of the very rascals and scum of the kingdom*," and harry the entire district till it was made shire ground—or, in other words, till the native occupiers were evicted from their lands, to make way for the new settlers with their flocks and herds. M'Guire, however, instead of countenancing this projected civilization, which, as a matter of course, would bring along with it the new religion and the queen's supremacy, fell upon the civilizers, who had fortified themselves in a church, and would have put them, one and all, to the sword were it not for the interposition of Hugh O'Neill, who stipulated, on their behalf, that they would at once betake themselves to the Pale, and never again enter Fermanagh. Willis and his "rascals" disappeared instantly, and left M'Guire at liberty to act against the English, who were growing too strong for him on the Connaught border of his country. Accompanied by M'Gauran, the chieftain of Fermanagh marched, at the head of his forces, through Breffni-O'Rourke, and over the bridge of Boyle Abbey into the county of Roscommon, where Gueford, Sir Richard Bingham's lieutenant, was then encamped on the hill of Tulsk, waiting the advance of the Irish. The first meeting of the two armies, O'Sullivan† tells us, occurred on a day which was so obscured by a thick fog that neither of them could see each other before they were in actual conflict. The Irish, however, fought with signal success, and M'Guire had the satisfaction of killing Gueford in the first onset. While the battle was raging, M'Gauran, accompanied by two horsemen, retired to the rear, but as they were moving off a squadron of Bingham's cavalry rode suddenly upon them and unhorsed the primate, who was mortally wounded in the melee. Collecting whatever strength was left him, he called aloud for assistance, and being heard by a detachment of the Irish foot they hastened to the spot where he lay, but before they reached him the vital spark had flown. What made this event still more melancholy was the death of Cathal M'Guire, for, owing to the dense fog, the Irish mistook him for one of Bingham's people, and slew him while he was in the act of protecting the lifeless remains of the archbishop. At the close of this disastrous skirmish, the Irish troops quitted the field, and as they had not time to inter their slain, M'Guire caused the head of the unfortunate primate to be cut off, in order that he might give it Christian sepulture elsewhere, and prevent the English from sending it as a trophy to the lord deputy. Bingham, however,

* See Lee's "Declaration of the Government of Ireland."—*Curry's Civil Wars*, v. 2.

† Hist. Cath.

identified the remains, and lost no time in dispatching a letter to Dublin castle announcing that M'Guire's forces had retired, leaving M'Gauran's headless corpse unburied on the plain of Tusk. This, doubtless, was a source of comfort to Bingham, and atoned in some measure for his ineffectual attempt to seize the primate when he landed at Drogheda.

We have already remarked, that for some months previous to M'Gauran's untimely death, there was an angry correspondence between Fitzwilliam and lord Burghley, the latter alleging that the deputy, instead of taking active measures for the popish primate's arrest, seemed rather to have connived at his escape, and by so doing imperilled the safety of the realm and the propagation of the reformed religion. Burghley, it would appear, made these charges at the instigation of Miler Magrath, who hated the deputy, and affected to be a zealous servant of the crown, while, in reality, as we have seen in a former paper, he was acting the part of a consummate hypocrite, incessantly craving money and preferments, and covertly warning and protecting the dignitaries of the old religion which he pretended to have abjured. No one was better aware of this than Fitzwilliam; and, bad as his character was, he deserves respect for having left us striking portraits of Magrath, Legg, and other miscreants of the period, who were willing to perform any amount of villany for what they considered fair remuneration. There can be no doubt that Fitzwilliam saw those unfortunate men in their true colours, was thoroughly acquainted with their motives, and entertained a profound contempt for them. His estimate of Magrath, although archbishop of Cashel, and special favourite of the highest official of the crown, shows that he had no respect for that "fugitive friar," that he set no value on the apostasy of people of his class, and regarded him as nowise better than the absconding debtor Legg. Burghley's letter, charging the deputy with remissness in the performance of his duty, was written early in July, and at the close of that month—precisely twenty-eight days after M'Gauran's death—Fitzwilliam dispatched the subjoined reply, which not only vindicates his own character successfully, but exhibits that of Miler Magrath and his associate, Legg, in a light that is far from enviable:

*Lord Deputy Fitzwilliam to Lord Burghley,
Kilmainham, 31st July, 1593.*

"It is no small grief unto me that there should be so great credit given unto the *false* informations preferred there against me by the archbishop of Cashel and Legg, and that they should therein and for that cause be so much favoured and countenanced, as it appeareth they are; the one being, as your lordship knoweth, *a fugitive friar reclaimed and a person in times past and now deeply charged*; the other a base shifting fellow, that started hither for debt and ill demeanours, not knowing how to live there. The archbishop of Cashel doth most *untruly* charge me that I hindered him in the apprehension of the titular primate: I desired and do desire nothing more earnestly than the confusion of such traitorous members, and had the archbishop *underhand* favoured such *runnegates* no more than I have done,

there had not so many of them nestled in this state as have done; but the proofs of that and such like dealing of that archbishop are somewhat obscured by his great countenance there, as I have before noted. And as for that titular primate, the advertisement holdeth for certain, that he is slain, and was a M'Gowran, bordering upon O'Rourke's country, and so I hope it will continue; but if it do not, theirs be the fault that so abuse the state."

What Lord Burghley may have thought of his *protégé*, Magrath, after reading the deputy's letter, does not appear; but it is likely enough he must have been led to think that the queen's archbishop of Cashel was, notwithstanding his *reclamation*, or simulated conversion, a mere cheat and humbug—an outcast, whose heart was dead to every honorable sentiment. What else could he have expected from one of his sort, who did not think it unbecoming the dignity and character of an archbishop to fraternise with the miscreant Legg (a name, by the way, which would be still more significant of its owner's calling by the addition of the ominous word *black*), who, after robbing his creditors in England, came to Ireland to traffic in the blood of popish ecclesiastics? Swindler and shifting fellow as he was, Miler Magrath thought him an excellent companion, placed him on the staff of his paid informers, and flattered himself, no doubt, that, with the aid of such a zealous and irreproachable coadjutor, the *reformed* religion would be propagated from Cashel to Cape Clear, notwithstanding the obstinacy of the "superstitious Irish," who marvelled, as well they might, that the archbishop and Legg were very reluctant to *reform themselves*!

A year prior to the date of Fitzwilliam's letter, another fellow, following the same disreputable avocation, made his appearance in Ireland, to help in the godly work of converting the natives from the errors of popery. This worthy's name was "Bird," but his letter, shows that he belonged to the carnivorous species, and that he was, in sooth, a veritable bird of prey. It would appear that this man had done some signal service to Burghley, for he wrote that personage a letter, asking £40 in fee-farm, "for the sakes of Lady Burghley, deceased, and Lady Oxford." Fearing, however, that his claim might be ignored, and knowing that Burghley was intent on the extermination of popery, he added a postscript, which he thought must assuredly recommend him to the bountiful consideration of the lord High Treasurer. It runs thus,

"My lord, if the surprising of Dr. Creagh, with some other Romish Legates of the Irishry, with some English Jesuits, lately arrived, labouring to seduce the people from their obedience to her majesty, being the chiefest disturbers of the quiet of the state, may be an inducement of my thankful and serviceable duty for such gracious favours as from her majesty I may receive by your lordship's good means, I make no doubt to use such endeavours, by authority secretly to be delivered to me here, to shorten the number of such impostumate members, by whom also others

of their sort may be disordered in England, passing and repassing to and fro."

Touching the proposal contained in the foregoing extract, we have merely to remark that the Creagh whom Bird mentions was simply bishop of Cork and Cloyne, and at no time legate from the holy See. Bird, however, thought to enhance his offer by giving the prelate a title which he never claimed, and counted, doubtless, on getting a large reward for the apprehension of such an important delinquent. Grasping as Bird was, and willing to lay hands on the poor bishop, he failed to realise his undertaking, for Creagh was sheltered by the woman whom Miler Magrath styled his wife, and Miler himself took special pains to keep him out of the way of the queen's officers.

There can be no doubt that those who followed the detestable profession of bishop and priest-hunters in Ireland during Elizabeth's reign were, generally speaking, Englishmen; but it would be preposterous to assert that Ireland did not occasionally furnish some miscreants who devoted themselves to the same calling. It must, however, be admitted that the latter were less truculent than their English collaborators, and less disposed to earn money by consigning prelate or priest to the hands of the executioner. Miler Magrath may be taken as a type of this class, for although he was ever ready to clutch the reward which the executive offered for such "*advertisement*" as might lead to the apprehension of popish ecclesiastics, there is nothing to show that he ever connived at the legal murder of any of them. On the contrary, he and his paramour sheltered them when they were pursued by the *English* officials, and threw the latter off the true trail at the very moment when the prize was almost within their grasp. In fact, the *Irish* bishop and priest-hunter was never entirely dead to the upbraidings of conscience, whereas the English ruffians who plied the same trade seem to have regarded it as a profitable and amusing pastime. The former, indeed, would start the game, run it to earth, and then stipulate for its life; but the latter cared for nothing except the reward, and shrank from no villany that enabled them to grasp it. A notable illustration of this dissimilarity in the character of the two classes is furnished by the history of Richard Creagh,* archbishop of Armagh, who, after escaping out of the castle of Dublin, in the winter of 1567, was arrested the same year by Miler Hus-ey, a retainer of the Earl of Kildare, and one O'Shaughnessy, both of whom, we need hardly say, were catholics, but zealous servitors of the English crown. The price set on the unfortunate primate's head was £40 (a large sum in those days), and although it is hard to believe that the Geraldine, who was indebted for his existence and estates to the protection he received from Leverons, the banished catholic bishop of Kildare, could be tempted by such an offer; it is nevertheless certain that he did his utmost to procure Creagh's

* He escaped from the tower of London, in 1565. Some of his letters are given in *Shirley's Original Papers*, but the most valuable of them have not been published.

arrest. Great, however, as Kildare's influence was, his retainers failed to discover the fugitive archbishop, though they sought him "at imminent peril to their lives," nor were Hussey and O'Shaughnessy able to effect their object till they had sworn that they would not deliver their prize to the Queen's officers unless the earl of Kildare and the deputy, lord Sydney, pledged their honour that his life would not be forfeited. On this condition Creagh was surrendered to his captors, who, soon afterwards, repenting their infamous conduct, and foreseeing that the finger of scorn would be pointed at them, renounced their claim to the forty pounds, and petitioned the lords of the privy council to be a means to her majesty to grant pardon of life to the unfortunate archbishop.

Hussey and O'Shaughnessy had the example of Judas Iscariot before their eyes, and although neither hung himself in desperation, it is recorded that a fearful retribution overtook one of them, and perhaps both.* Be that as it may, they were honoured with letters of thanks from the queen, who, not wishing to trust an Irish jury, resolved that Creagh should be removed to London, "where he was sure to receive what he deserved." The credit of the Irish bishop-hunters was thus saved in their own country, and if any one reproached them with perfidy, could they not say that they refused the reward and bargained for the primate's life? At all events, O'Shaughnessy must have thought himself a very fortunate man, high-minded, and above all miserable prejudices—in a word, a most *liberal Catholic*, when he received the following epistle, duly sealed and signed by his sovereign lady queen Elizabeth.

The Queen to O'Shaughnessy.

1567, July 5.

"Right trusty and well-beloved, we greet you well. As well by sundry advertisements from our right trusty and well-beloved sir H. Sydney, knight of our order, our deputy in that our realm of Ireland, as also by your own demonstration we have right well understood and perceived your good will and disposition to serve and obey us. Whereof, as we cannot be unmindful, so among other things we will not forget to allow right well of your service in staying and bringing to our said deputy an unloyal subject of that land, being a feigned bishop, who not long before brake out of our Tower of London; all which, your doings and good services, confirming in us more and more right good opinion of your loyalty towards us, we do so retain in our remembrance, as we will not forget the same towards you to your comfort, in any your reasonable cause to be brought before us, and for that we understand and see your service meet to be by us allowed, we pray you to continue the same as occasion shall serve by the direction of our said deputy, who doth both make good account of you, and testifieth the same from time to time unto us."

As to the archbishop's escape out of Dublin castle, it may be well to note that he was assisted in effecting it by Laurence and John Walsh, who were wardens, and, we may presume, Catholics. Nevertheless, it would appear that these officials did not embark in this dangerous business disinterestedly, and as *true Catholics* would have done, but with a view to a round sum of money, which it was said the king of Spain was willing to pay for the prisoner's enlargement. The Walshes, doubtless,

* Roth *Analecta Sacra*.

held their place for some good services rendered to the crown, and like Miler Magrath, Hussey, O'Shaughnessy, and others of that class, were well disposed to do anything short of shedding the blood of "Romish ecclesiastical dignitaries," for a handsome remuneration. Hussey removes all doubt on this subject, for, in reply to an interrogatory touching Creagh's escape, he states—

"That both Laurence and John Walshe went out of Develyn (Dublin) with Creagh, but which of them was the cause of his escape this examine knoweth not; but for himself he saith that he was never privy to that escape, and thinketh verily that either one of them, or they both, did seek his enlargement to have a reward for him in Spain, being counted a very holy man throughout Ireland, and he utterly denieth that he either willed Laurence Walshe to go with Creaghe, or John Walshe to stay."^{*}

We have not been able to ascertain what became of the Walshes, but, it is probable, that, instead of Spanish gold they got good weight of iron chain in the lord deputy's dungeon.

Having dwelt at such length on the distinctive features of the two classes of bishop and priest-hunters who figured in the times of Creagh, and shown satisfactorily, as we think, that the few Irish who followed that avocation were not so entirely callous to the prickings of conscience as their English colleagues were, it may not be out of place to make a few observations on the character of the archbishop himself, whose only crime was inflexible devotion to the holy see, and stern opposition to the advancement of the *reformed* religion. We might adduce many proofs of this, but the admission contained in a letter from the lord deputy, sir William Fitzwilliam, to Mr. Secretary Walsingham, will suffice to show that Creagh was persecuted simply because he obstructed Adam Loftus (who there is good reason to believe was an apostate priest) in propagating protestantism; there was only one way to get rid of such a difficulty, and Fitzwilliam suggests it thus—"I beseech you to send away hence one Creagh, a *Romish* thing, that wonderfully infecteth this people, and hindereth the archbishop of Dublin's godly endeavours to promote religion, which hath enforced him to be importunate unto me for the sending of him away." We need hardly say that this was speedily done, and that Creagh was sent to the Tower of London, where he died by poison, given him in his food, after an imprisonment that extended over many years. To suppose that he was ever guilty of any act of treason or disloyalty to the English crown would be most absurd, and in direct contradiction to his own protestations repeated over and over in reply to the interrogatories put to him during his imprisonment. His utter detestation of Shane O'Neill's "rebellion," and the description he has left us of the condition of the Ulster Catholics, whom he describes as "brought up in all kinds of iniquities, murders, adulteries, drunkenness, robbing, stealing, forswearing, and the like without any

^{*} Examination of Miler Hussey upon Interrogatories, 7th December, 1575. Public Record Office, London. *Irish Correspondence (State Papers)*. Vol. 54.

manner of punishment to be spoken of,"* are so many convincing proofs of what we have asserted, but if more were wanting, we need only quote his estimate of English rule to show that he regarded it as far preferable to that of any other government of the period. "My poor purse, from my youth," he says, "was always spent to serve the crown of England, as of nature and duty I was bound, *knowing and declaring in divers places the joyful life that Irishmen have under England*, (nothing so plucked of their goods as by sundry ways other princes' subjects are oppressed in other countries,) if they were good and true in themselves."† Again, where could we expect to find, even at the present day, a declaration of loyalty so emphatic as that contained in the memorial he addressed to the queen, after he had spent eight years in duress. "If her Majesty's pleasure so be," thus runs the memorial, "I am content to depart her Highness's dominions, and not return again without her gracious leave, during her reign—neither by word, writing, or otherwise will I attempt the disturbance of the same, but by all means seek to persuade the obedience of the realm of Ireland to the crown of England; and if any matter be brought unto me tending to the disturbance of her majesty's quiet government, I will not enter into it, but rather contrarywise, forthwith, give her Majesty notice thereof, and faithfully discover the same." Here, indubitably, there is the clearest proof of a loyalty and devotion to England, greater than which even Miler Magrath himself could not possibly pretend. Nevertheless, it did not open the Tower gates to the unhappy archbishop, for, as we have already said, he was doomed to close his days in misery and utter privation.

He himself has left us a long and detailed narrative of all he had to endure, and as the document is not accessible in any printed collection that has come under our notice, we give it here *in extenso*, without altering its quaint diction.

Richard Creagh to the Privy Council.

"December 31, 1575.

"RIGHT HONORABLE LORDS—Whereas I have been sundry times charged with many lies, as well against my bounden duty to my natural prince and country, as also contrary to that I was sworn to in my youth, (according to the custom of Limerick,) to behave myself as my said duty requireth. I trust your honors shall well accept to be here truly informed concerning such reports, not only for that all honesty doth require me so to do, (though hitherto I have held my peace therein, chiefly for avoiding suspicion of catching vain praise and other the like things,) but that also no mean man would gladly be or remain misinformed. Herein, then, discharging once my conscience in telling, as aforesaid, the truth, my long silence shall be no further occasion that any others should from henceforth through such tales offend God. But where, as commonly chances, that each one esteems his own doings, (*nam suum cuique p'chrum*,) better or less ill than they be, I humbly crave your honorable lordship's patience, both in hearing and forbearing with my rude writing, (which yet shall be as brief and plain as possibly I can,) so that your own wisdoms, and not any of my corrupt favor towards myself, may esteem thereof as your lordships will think

* Creagh's answers to interrogatories delivered to him by Mr. Secretary, in the Tower, 22nd February, 1564.

† Ibid.

best, for though my great sins, otherwise committed against God's exceeding majesty, have deserved often also, eternal punishments, yet touching my behaviour concerning my prince and country, with all reverence I can take God to witness, (esteeming those words an oath,) that to my remembrance, I will here write nothing but the truth, (though the self things for the most part be manifest, either by reason, or else by experience and witness;) and if the contrary will be at any time truly known, I am fully content to be without further ado, therein dealt withal as the Queen's majesty and your right honorable lordships will have it.

"First, then, your honors may know that for no presumption of myself against her Majesty's proceedings, I was made bishop, for before her reign I refused to be made bishop of the city I was born in, and also archbishop of that province, viz., of Cashel; but at last, being straitly commanded, I did, for discharge of my conscience obey, being afore sworn in Louvain to such obedience; the inability of Irish scholars being causes of such commandment rather than any ability, that in truth I do or did see in myself also for that office. Being then in Rome offered also then the archbishopric aforesaid of Cashel, (where my kinsfolk and native country is;) I yielded rather to be sent to Ulster, (a barbarous and bare country, and I having never a living body there of mine acquaintance,) wherein cannot, or, at the least, could not then, any appointed bishop by the Queen's majesty remain, or get out of it any profit, Shane O'Neill spending with his rebellion all that did belong then to the archbishop, yea, almost to all other prelates and curates, causing also the self churchmen and priests to help him with their weapons in the field. Wherefore, guessing indeed what might fall out at last of my coming to the country, desired the very first day he saw me, that I should make me ready to go with his errand beyond seas, to whom, when I answered I came for no such purpose to the country, told no further what that errand should be; but taking another way for keeping to himself the aforesaid aid of church lands, prayed I would preach the next Sunday, and encourage his men to fight against his enemies; all the lords his retainers, and 600 of his warmen being present, straightway, after preaching was ended, rose up, and in a very rage, amongst other his threatening and most angry loud talk, did swear or affirm to destroy that cathedral church of Ardmagh, which thing he made to be performed within five days after-causing all the roofs to be burned, and some of the walls to be broken: but perceiving that neither for that, nor for fear of any other things threatened by him, in despite and revenge of that preaching, I did shrink from doing my duty owed to God, and sworn to my prince, (for also I wrote to my lord-deputy Sydney, requesting his honor to command me any service I might with conscience do, of the which letter Shane did know,) but also I came to the open field to curse him; then began he to try me with gifts, promising, or also swearing afore the like company abovesaid, that for mine own houses and men I should enjoy more of Ulster commodities than ever did any archbishop there since St. Patrick's time, if I would be content he might keep for his aid the helps aforesaid, which, when I did utterly refuse, he sought an earnest way to undo me as an heretic, both for letting him from aid to war (as he did pretend), to be against heretics (so naming the Queen's subjects), as also for refusing to set my hand to his letter, which he said he would cause to be written to the Spanish king; but I, being soon after privily warned that he sought thereby only means to undo me as aforesaid, departed privily out of this country, all also church and churchmen being sore, (by Shane), oppressed for my being there, for I was yet, moreover, warned, that going to bed he swore that there was none living he hated more than the Queen of England, (said he), and our primate, (meaning my poor body); for the which his hate towards me would never, from that first preaching, hear any other of my preachings afterwards, though I preached once in his own house, he absented himself, but not so O'Donnell, which soon after that first preaching left Shane, (giving high thanks to the preacher,) and held with the Queen's subjects. The more I tarried in mentioning this preaching, that also

elave, contrary to all expectation, I was burdened here in England, (but never in Ireland I heard of) that I have cursed therein the Queen's majesty, the which tale being rehearsed by my lord treasurer's careful wisdom, (who was then Mr. Secretary) in her majesty's affairs, I answered that his honour, receiving all my letters and writings, knew I had no delegative authority thereto, and of mine ordinary power I could curse none that was without Ireland, or also Ulster; and he that curses without any of those authorities doth fall himself in the curse rather than any other body; but, for conclusion, remembering my oath and offer, made in this writing's beginning, it is sure that I did neither so, nor yet said in any of my preachings in Ulster (to my remembrance,) any word that, perhaps, by any of your own honors, might be misliked of; wherefore your noble wisdoms may also, by consideration of the premises, perceive what tale was it that I have conspired with Shane, at Lifford, the fifteenth of December, as mine indictment in Dublin did contain; and also her majesty's letter at my said trial, partly read, did seem to mention some the like thing, so that I ween nothing now needful to rehearse, how Captain Herne told me the lord-deputy Sydney to have been well informed of the contrary things, or, also, how the lord chancellor, chief justice, chief baron, and others in that trial sitting in commission, would not have the quest to pass for that part of the indictment; for thereto I have also myself largely answered, showing, moreover, that within Lifford I was never 20, or also 30 miles, and saw not Shane six weeks afore that 15th day of December, nor after till Christmas-eve, when, being warned of his purposed enterprise, to begin, (according to his cursed custom) on Christmas-day, (viz., to go kill, burn, and spoil the English Pale,) I did, by God's assistance, stay him thereof, so that also neither afterwards (as I am remembered) he took any such enterprise in hand during my being in the country.

"To omit the rest of such my dealings with Shane to some witness I come, touching briefly some other my behaviours; for my preaching, done afore my lord of Sussex, (being her majesty's worthy lieutenant,) and Sir Henry Sidney, treasurer (if remembrance fail not), going by Limerick upon Sir Donill O'Brien, as I had many thanks of his honor's gentlemen, so I lost for ever after a certain Irish lord's great favour, which being then present, did, till that preaching, favour me still. At my coming to Ireland, bishop to Ulster, and bearing and hiring a ship at my own charges, so that they should be bound to deal but as I would, I was poisoned by them twice for withstanding and staying them from invading at seaboard Englishmen, and so might take, therefore, such stuff as I had in the ship myself, and also the gold which they supposed I had, and thinking nothing but that I should die, brought me to Blaret, in Britayne, there to have a testimonial, (as I ween) that I should be there buried, for otherwise having no such witness, nor yet that I landed in Ireland, they should set themselves in present danger, chiefly by reason of countrymen that knew and saw me shipped with them in Biscay. When I came to Ulster (hiring thereto another ship, and foregoing the other, with giving them whole payment) I wrote, according my duty to the lord deputy Sidney, requesting his honor to command me any service as aforesaid; doubting also nothing at my departure from Ulster but his lordship would grant me a protection to live among my friends, her majesty's subjects, seeing I have been so sore persecuted for doing my duty against her enemies. Mr. Tremayne may declare further of my dealings, which took a very exact examination in writing of, perhaps, all my doings straight after I went out with the keeper of Dublin castle, which my going away I think no man would wonder that should know well how I was dealt therein withal, first in a hole, where, without candle, there is no light in the world, and with candle, when I had it, it was so filled with the smoke thereof, (chiefly in summer,) that had there not been a little hole in the next door, to draw in breath with my mouth set upon it I had been perhaps shortly undone; but the two gentlemen that have chiefly elected me to go out with themselves, and the said keeper, thought I should be much sooner undone in the second lodging

with cold, being thereto toward winter removed, where scant was light, and could be, without hindrance, no fire. My dwelling in this tower the first time, for more than a month's space, might, may chance, make a strong man to wish liberty, if for his life he could, though God is witness that I did not by myself or other, procure that escape, but rather much grudged at it the self hour, till a little upon mine unworthy prayers, (desiring God to give the best), my mind was clean changed, as I have often afore in sundry examinations showed it; but foregoing further rehearse of bearing almost this eight years, angriyness with one of my legs (to the beholders judgment) lost by the same of my manifold sickness, (colics, *stones of the raynes*, such breaking down as Latins call *Grumia*, and also *exitus fundamenti*, loss of all my big teeth, save two, and daily sore runnes, &c.,) and many other like miseries; as also, how I was accused in Rome by Magrath, (now appointed by her majesty archbishop of Cashel,) and by others also in Spain of heresy, and other the like things, and inobedience and rebellion against the Pope, in my foresaid dealings with Shane, this, I say, and many the like mine unhappiness, miseries, and wretchedness, foregoing to rehearse larger; seeing (as I said first,) that my private affection towards myself, may make me to think better of my dealings, and care more for my griefs than in truth they be (my sins undoubtedly deserving sore punishment of God, whom I thank most humbly for not reserving them to everlasting pains. I commit, with as good will as I can, all to your honors' wisdom and discretion, beseeching, with all the veins of my heart, the goodness of God to forgive, if I have, or shall further be dealt with otherwise than I have deserved, and thus wishing her majesty, your honors, and all the realm as much wealth and prosperity of soul and body as ever had any prince, lords, or realm, I take my leave as humbly as I can.—Your said honorable lordships' unprofitable and unworthy servant in Christ,

RICHARD CREAGH, Prisoner.

To the right honorable the lords and others of the Queen's majesty's honorable Privy Council.

Before closing this paper, which cannot but prove useful to those who take an interest in the study of our ecclesiastical history, we may be permitted to observe, that the Irish catholic has good reason to congratulate himself on the liberty which the Church of our forefathers enjoys at the present moment, and the total disappearance of the prelate and priest-hunter, whose occupation is gone for ever. Intolerance, it is true, will raise its head from time to time, but it never can attain that baleful ascendancy which it achieved in the days of queen Elizabeth, and her immediate successors. Centuries of persecution have only served to consolidate the foundations of the ancient Irish Church, and as long as she can command the services of even a few laymen like the Right Honorable Thomas O'Hagan, blessed with grand genius, and practically religious, her privileges and independence will be secured against all assaults, no matter by whom made in the Senate or from the judicial Bench.

M.

"EARLY RIPENESS."

PRECOCITY, from its supposed frequency, may, perhaps, excite little other emotion now-a-days than that of contempt, and, indeed, in this enlightened age, when we have, or which is the same thing, are said to have, got rid of many ancient anomalies in the matter of early education, there is some

reason why a phenomenon, which in many instances was the mere flickering of soul for a moment, and then death, should be viewed by any one interested in the object, rather with apprehension than with the pleasure which it is only natural friends should find in the promise of their friends of great intellectual powers. We do not, of course, understand by precocity the fruits of that forced cultivation which enables Miss Louisa to dabble in the piano, when only seven, or Master Edward, by a year riper, to enumerate mineralogy, geology, botany, and acoustics, amongst his legitimate pursuits, for, after all, the labour of mind required for these extraordinary coruscations is not such as will leave Miss L. less beautiful than she deserves to be, or Master E. less gifted than Nature intended what time she placed him in the world. The precocity of Pascal was of a different kind, and rather more curious in the preternatural development of mind which led him, at the age of seven, to invent the science of geometry; nor is Louisa to be for a moment placed in comparison with the young gentleman of three—Mozart; composing for the piano, which Louisa, no matter what Mrs. Pepper may assert to the contrary, cannot play, nor will play for many years to come, so as to afford any gratification to the listener. Of Tasso, too, who (*crede Tiraboschi*) delivered verses of his own composition at the age of seven (which seems to be the magic number here as well as in witchcraft), and with such manner and effect as harbingered the great destiny he was to accomplish by-and-bye. These verses we have not seen, but our readers will, no doubt, be gratified with the following lines, which he is said to have composed in his ninth year:—

Ma dal sen de la madre empia fortuna
 Pargoletto divelse, ah di' que' baci
 Ch' ella bagnò di lagrime dolenti
 Con sospir mi rimembra, e de gli ardenti
 Pregbi che sen portar l'aure fugaci,
 Che i' non dovea giunger più volto à volto
 Fra quelle braccia, e si tenaci,
 Lasso, e segui con mal sicure piante,
 Qual Ascanio, o Camilla, il padre errante.

The allusions to Camilla, and puer Ascanius, in the last line, prove that by this time Torquato had been conducted through the *Æneid*; indeed, so early as his fourth year, he had made great progress in the Latin and Greek languages, the latter of which had not been very long revived amongst the Italians, and was, in the time of Tasso beginning to regain the prestige it held amongst the later Romans. Turning to our own literature, we find numerous instances of this same psychological phenomenon; a very large name, but in exact keeping with the times, is this psychological phenomenon. Cowley's poems, published, I think, at eleven, are remarkable for their correctness of versification, and the indication they afford of acquaintance with classic literature; but in other respects they fall short of Pope's early productions, or even those of the ill-starred Dermody. The history of this *infante perduto* is less generally known than that of the two former, and we have often opened the *Hibernian* expecting to find some

tribute to the memory of our countryman—a memory painful from many associations, but yet worthy of preservation, as even the follies of one portion of mankind are warnings to those who would prosecute the same course, and incentives to those who have not left the paths of virtue to persevere.

Dermoddy was the son of a gentleman who followed the profession of Plato, but differed from this illustrious teacher in the respect that he was more given to the use of whiskey toddy, than beseems a learned and wise man. The son inherited (the only chattels he did inherit) the propensities of the parent, and in spite of all that could be done to save him—in spite of the patronage and unremitting kindness of the Countess of Moira, he went from bad to worse, and at length died from the effects of dissipation and disappointment, at the age of twenty-seven, a very miserable and very undeserving son of the Muses. How great was his merit may be surmised from these verses which we give, headed as we find them, "Croydon, A Monody." (In this monody, the author, a youth of ten years of age, bewails the death of his brother, who died of the small pox, anno 1785, ætatis 7.)

"We sat like roses twain upon one thorn,
Telling romantic tales, of descant quaint,
Tinted in various hues with fancy's paints,
And I would hearken, greedy of his sound,
Lapt in the bosom of soft ecstasy,
Till, lifting mildly high
Her modest frontlet from the clouds around,
Silence beheld us bruise the closing flower."

To quote the whole would be more than the editor would deem proper, but we think that these few lines, though of no great merit, abstracting from the author's age, are about as extraordinary as any in the early poems of Cowley or Tasso.

The histories of Heinecken, Baratier, and Candiac, in addition to being more curious than those of any other known examples of precocity, have, besides, the merit of inculcating the moral of Doctor Blimber's, and similar establishments; namely, that the mind in one respect resembles the body, inasmuch as it is capable of a certain degree of labour; and that any effort to obtain more will result in the production of an imbecile specimen of intellectual man, like "I-never-was-better-than-you," Mr. Toots of world-wide celebrity. Christian Henry Heinecken deserves the place of honour, for he was, without exception, the most singular instance of premature intelligence supplied by history, ancient or modern. There is something credible in what has been related of others, but the very early age at which Heinecken died, and the numerous, yet distinct acquirements he is said to have been possessed of, render the accounts of him extremely open to be doubted, or, at the very least, induce us to believe that they must have received considerable additions on their passage to posterity. At ten months old he began to speak, at twelve he knew the facts of the Pentateuch, of the Old Testament at thirteen, and what requires some

stretch of conscience to admit, by the end of his fourteenth month he was intimately acquainted with the names, dates, and history contained in the whole Bible. To learn the scripture in this manner is a work of years, to remember those unusual names, and form a correct notion of its involved chronology and topography would, ordinarily speaking, require a life of thought and study, and when we hear of the task having been accomplished by a mere infant, it is difficult, we confess, to resist the impulse which will at first incline us to return so improbable a statement to the land of myths. But it is better not to be sceptical too soon, the land we tread upon just now is full of nice views and prospects for all kinds of doubters, against which we must at once close our eyes, or have no possible chance of ever gaining the last turnpike. When a little more than two years old, he had, say his biographers, entered deeply into the study of ancient and modern history, and it was difficult to hit upon any fact in these regions that had escaped his research. Geography, too, he mastered with his usual success; and by the time he had completed two and a half years he had added to his store of knowledge a critical acquaintance with the French, Latin, and German languages. Next on this immense programme of attainments, comes the histories of all the great European families: their genealogies from barons and freebooters, and belted gentlemen of the forest; their intermarriages, and the collateral shoots that might claim consanguinity with the parent stock, upon all which perplexing questions, young Mein Herr was equal to a conclave of representative heralds, representative of every country and generation. During a tour, which he made in his third year, through Denmark, for the purpose, probably, of putting a polish upon his education, he excited considerable admiration at the Danish Court, where he was presented, examined, applauded, and viewed as a very composite, inexplicable piece of human nature, on new principles. But these exhibitions were not destined to be repeated; Christian Henry's soul had eaten out its scabbard; he pined and sickened, and, at length, on the 25th June, 1725, a few months after being weaned from his nurse, he died of nervous fever and exhaustion.—*Sic transit, &c.*

Johnson, who appeared so very sceptical to Hogarth on every point except the Bible, could not refuse credence to what were told him of John Philip Baratier, or Barretier, the second martyr to the circumstance of too much genius. The great man does, indeed, appear to have entertained some scruples in the beginning, but, by-and-bye, he argued himself very sensibly into the conviction that Baratier's talents were proclaimed by too many trumpets, in too many different keys, to have them denied or, indeed, questioned, by any reasonable man . . . "As any incredulity," says the ever pompons, though admirable, Doctor, "may, perhaps, be the result rather of prejudice than reason, as envy may beget a disinclination to admit so immense a superiority, and as an account is not to be immediately censured as false, merely because it is wonderful, I shall proceed to give, &c." The very extraordinary youth, of whose attainments the learned lexicographer thought so highly, was born at Schwabach, on the 19th January, 1720—21. Of his progress, until his fourth year, we know little, but at

that period of his life he spoke French and Latin with the same fluency as his mother tongue. When five years old, he acquired Greek, and the year after, Hebrew, in a manner so interesting, that Doctor Johnson thought it worthy of being specially attended to by every one anxious to study languages, without the trouble usually undergone for this purpose. "The only book he made use of," he continues, "was the Bible, which his father laid before him in the language he proposed to learn, accompanied with a translation, being taught by degrees the inflections of nouns and verbs." This is exactly the system of Hamilton, and so are these the results promised by its upholders, but we very much doubt, after all, if the old way of proceeding by grammar, dictionary, and translation be not much better than the goodnatured proposal of putting sweets upon the medicine cup. It may do, may the Hamiltonian practice in some exceptional cases, but the practice of antiquity, with some assistance from Messieurs Arnold and Riddle, will be found much easier in the long run, and far more efficacious in accomplishing its object, namely, of imparting a sound grammatical knowledge of language.

By the method alluded to by Johnson, Baratier made great progress in many tongues, amongst which may be enumerated Hebrew, Arabic, and English. He could translate the Bible into any one of these with great facility, preserving the idioms of each, and even the slightest peculiarities of construction. In his twelfth year he afforded a most convincing proof of his linguistic powers, by translating the travels of the Rabbi Benjamin from Hebrew into French, and to this book he added notes, of which Dr. Johnson speaks in such terms as the following:—"The notes contain so many curious remarks and enquiries out of the common road of learning, and afford so many instances of penetration, judgment, and accuracy, that the reader finds in every page some reason to persuade him that they cannot possibly be the work of a child, but of a man long accustomed to these studies, enlightened by reflection, and dexterous by long practise in the use of books," so that Baratier was not merely a linguist but an accomplished scholar, at the ripe age of eleven or twelve. Then, in the same year as his translation was finished, he sends to the Royal Society of Berlin, to the Royal Societies of London and Paris, a scheme for the discovery of that great poser, the longitude; commences the study of the Fathers of the Church; and two years after out comes his "*Anti-Artemonius, sive Initium Evangelii, Sti. Joannis adversus Artemonium vindicatum*," (*Anti-Artemonius*, or defence of the beginning of St. John's Gospel from the attacks of Artemonius,) which created a great sensation, and obtained for him a no less important patron than the King of Prussia. He was made a Doctor of Philosophy by the University of Hale, and defended the *theses* which were selected for the occasion, with wit, learning, and strength of reason; he was presented to the King of Prussia at Berlin; he refused to be bred a statesman; he delighted, and astounded, and confounded all the sapientes and all the bigwigs; he published a *Chronological Dissertation* on the succession of the Bishops of Rome, in Latin, (Utrecht, 1740;) continued to read books in Greek, Latin, German, Dutch, Italian, French,

English, and Arabic; became a member of the Royal Society of Berlin; and last, scarce of all in this eventful history, he died the 5th of October, 1740, at the age of nineteen years and nine months.

A little more fortunate than Heinecken, he has had Johnson for a biographer, preserved in whose pages, he will go down to posterity with a reputation analogous to that of an Egyptian hieroglyphic, equally strange and equally inexplicable.

John Lewis Candiac de Montcalm deserves to be remembered as the brother of that gallant Marquis de Montcalm, who was the opponent of Wolfe at the battle of Quebec. But if Lewis had no other claim to immortality, it is not unfair to say that his name would not now have a niche in Encyclopædias, and that it would have been very difficult by any amount of research, hope, and despair, and perseverance, to learn the apparently trivial fact, that the said John Lewis Candiac de Montcalm was born at Aismes, in the year one thousand seven hundred and nineteen. Like his contemporaries, Heinecken and Baratier, Lewis began his literary career almost at the moment he gave over his rattles—if, indeed, such a child can be conceived ever to have indulged in such vanities, or in any other game than that of conjugating Greek and Latin verbs. At three, Lewis spoke the Latin language with as much ease and correctness as his native French; at six, Greek and Hebrew, and by this time also he had studied that science of which the chief attractions are such terms as *or* and *argent*, *bend* and *pale*, *saltier* and *chevron*. He might have continued increasing in knowledge and years, but for that tyrant who respects neither rich nor poor, the noble as little as the *sansculotte*, and the poet as little as the idiot, came to him one day, and put an end to all his troubles. He died in the year 1726, aged seven years and a few months.

These are all melancholy examples of early intelligence cut short, in its stride to greatness, by disease. It is mournful to hear of Swift's last days, when the shadows came upon him, and the world within was swallowed up in darkness; it is mournful to hear of Scott's decay, and that dim twilight through which Moore passed into eternal being; but it is not less sorrowful, we think, to pause by the names of those who might have, but have not, accomplished great and noble destinies. Swift and Scott and Moore lived through the ordinary course of life, and left behind names indelibly impressed on the world's mind—but for the premature flowers who have for a moment scented the air, and bequeathed to us a few traditions concerning their existence, there is a feeling of regret, unmingled with the triumph, with which actions achieved console us for the loss of those who in achieving them built up for themselves palaces in Time. The very impulse of the heart is of compassion and unrelieved pity, but it moves us at the same time to honor what was as that which would be, and to pay the same reverence to intellect in a child, as intellect concentrated and formed in the natural order of study and experiment.

ALICE'S KEEPSAKE.

THE linnet swung high on the gold laburnum,
That tender, beautiful morn ;
The shrill lark twinkled on pulsing pinions
O'er leagues of yellowing corn.

The river ran cool, thro' violet hazes,
By forest and gleaming pass ;
And the lowing of herds came slowly windward,
From meadows knee-deep in grass.

Then slow thro' the jewelly, radiant weather,
By bowry hollow and nook,
I went with the fugitive July shadows,
To sit by the singing brook.

O brook, what meaneth that crystal babble,
That chatters of purple hills—
Of upland breezes, that shake the heather,
And dance with the daffodils ?

There is a glittering, mystic cypher
In all you utter and say,
As down thro' the hearts of the branchy woodlands,
You sparkle from day to day.

You will not tell it, you will not speak it ;
But I shall know it aright ;
I pluck this lily—the shielded secret
Is hid in its bosom white.

And she whom I love shall yet reveal it
With her pure heart's innocent lore ;
Shall break the blossom, and read the cypher
That's writ on its amber core.

Onward the brook ; and I returning,
Thro' many an ocean gloom,
Saw the gray day break, fired with crimson,
Shine thro' the mists of home.

I heard the moan of the inland poplars,
The whirring of windmill sails,
The murmurous echos that troop at daylight
From pastoral fields and vales.

Day fled, and I stood on our darkened threshold,
The pilgrim of many a land.
My arms flung wide for our gold-haired Alice,
The lily within my hand.

She did not rise, and she did not answer,
Her palms were crossed on her breast;
For the angel of God had stilled her breathing,
And a silent saint was our guest.

But I placed the flowers in her waxen fingers,
And whispered, "my beautiful love,
Bring this with thee when our souls encounter
At the gates of the city above."

EMILY FRENCH.

BOYHOOD AMID STRANGE SCENES.

THE subject of the present paper was nursed in "Hell!" 'Tis a fact that would certainly be a fitting preface to a youth and age yet more singular, and replete with vicissitudes than his was. However, that there may be no ambiguity, the reader must understand that when he has travelled about six miles on the road to Brest, from Rennes, the capital of the ancient province of Brittany, he will himself be in the "Hell" alluded to. It is neither more nor less than a Breton hamlet, and has two neighbours with appropriate titles, the second village being termed "Purgatory," and the third, "Paradise."

He was nursed in hell, then, and that was not enough. His nurse, good-hearted dame! occasionally lent him to a gossip of hers, in the mendicant line. The sight of the child helped to inspire compassion, and it is not at all impossible that the motherly nurse, besides the relaxation from attending on him, gained in other ways, and had quite a pleasant evening when her gossip returned from her tour among the compassionate. Nevertheless, the babe on the beggar's arm was a youth of high degree. His mother was Jeanne Renée Le Saulnier de Vauhelle, his father was Simon Guillaume Gabriel Bruté de Rémur, (names surely guarantees of noble blood), whilst he himself, small as he was, bore as grand a name as his father, who, at his birth, was Superintendent of the Royal Domains in Brittany. Young Simon Guillaume Gabriel Bruté de Rémur was born in the spring of the year 1779. He only remained fifteen months in Hell, with his nurse. After that, there seemed little chance of his being an addition to parties in the mendicant line. Some of his earliest recollections were illuminated by the spectacle of splendid suites of apartments in the palace of the parliament in Rennes, and superbly situated villas in the country. From the little table where, with other children, he was set apart

to his meals, he could perceive of an occasion, five Bishops honoring the board of his father with their presence, not to speak of deputies, nobles, and officers.

But his father died, and like many another good and honest man, he was not the best book-keeper in the world. He had allowed men to get into his debt to the amount of millions of francs. His affairs, in fact, were one tangle of confusion; the only thing clearly visible, at first sight, being that his wife would act a very foolish part if she took his responsibilities upon herself. She was advised to renounce the succession. But a virtuous woman will sometimes do very foolish things in the eyes of the worldly-wise—things, too, which may seem noble and heroic to others, whose standard of perfection is calculated upon other rules than the increase of the minted coin of the realm. Madame de Rémur wished both to vindicate her husband's good name, and do justice to his creditors. At the risk of sacrificing her own property, she took upon herself the management of his affairs, paid all his debts and lessened the inevitable loss.

This trait in the character of Gabriel Bruté's mother, paints the woman. It shows high resolve, firmness, and capacity, mingling with devoted affection. That love in firmness, may be illustrated by a domestic anecdote, which had its influence in the formation of the boy's character. She lived to a great age, but was always an early riser, and without early rising, she would say to her son, there is no longevity. She was fully of the opinion of the Salernian school, whose wisdom, on this point, is embodied in two lines,

*Sex horas dormire, sat est juvenique, senique,
Nos septem pigri, nulli concedimus octo.*

When the lad of twelve hesitated at jumping from bed at four or half-past four in summer, and an hour later in winter, when his hands would rub his eyes, and pitiful sighs respond to her appeal of "Gabriel, Gabriel, debout!" (up!), she would begin to sing in a half-gay, half-serious manner, an inspiring verse of a French hymn.

*N' attendez point cet âge
Où les hommes n'ont plus,
Ni force, ni courage
Pour les grandes vertus.*

The tenderness for her son did not cause her to refrain from urging him to do what she knew would redound to his greater good; and for that, he was grateful all the days of his life.

Gabriel's first confessor, to whom the heaviest sin he had to avow was having taken an apple from the stand of an old fruit-woman, was the celebrated Abbé Carron. He was the author of a work entitled "The Confessors of the faith in the Gallican Church at the end of the eighteenth century," and a friend of Lamennais. Baron d'Eckstein, the distinguished French writer who knew both intimately, contrasting Carron with the latter, says "he had a heart of gold, united with a true knowledge of men," and was "the only priest to whom Lamennais always did justice, and whose death was an irretrievable misfortune for him. This man had the genius of goodness." Under him, Gabriel with others prepared for first

communion; the place of their Retreat being the Hall of the Charnel-house, a long, narrow room, filled with benches, with the skulls and bones of by-gone generations piled, according to a custom of the country, in a kind of loft above their heads. Through the lattice-work the youthful Present beheld the relics of the Past. It was a most beautiful and a most Christian custom in those days, in France, or at least in Brittany, for the well-to-do classes who approached the holy sacrament for the first time to choose a "brother of communion," from amongst the poor who should be taken care of and brought up as one of the family, until a trade was provided for him. This occurred in Gabriel's case, whose "brother of communion" was named Lamiral. For three years preceding, Gabriel had been attending the college of Rennes, under the supervision of the Rev. Father Sorette, but this year saw many changes. It was 1791. The days had been growing gradually more and more gloomy, and the storm which had swept over many places, broke at length upon Rennes. Ecclesiastics of high station had identified themselves with the king's cause, and, perhaps, were but too well pleased that the masses should identify not only all priests, but religion itself with his career. The result, however, was lamentable. The Constituent Assembly, in 1789, confiscated all ecclesiastical property, next year suppressed all religious orders, and framed its "civil constitution of the clergy." By this absurd edict, priests and Bishops were to be chosen by the electors, like the members of the Assembly; they were not to be allowed to apply to the Pope for confirmation, though permitted to write to him as visible head of the Church, in sign of unity. Then came the struggle. All priests were to swear allegiance to this law, and very few of them would do so. Only four of the 135 Bishops of France took the oath (one of them being the famous Talleyrand), and among the priests, the proportion between the jurors and non-jurors was not very much dissimilar. The college at Rennes was broken up, and Father Sorette, Gabriel's special teacher, in a few short years died a martyr. The years immediately succeeding gave him a teaching and a knowledge which books could never have impressed upon his mind with so much vividity. In 1793-4, his mother had him employed in a printing office. That he might get a livelihood? Not exactly; but that he might escape from being enrolled in a regiment. How can this fact be reconciled with his age, for he was then only about fourteen? Very easily, and very curiously. With admiration of old Roman institutions, the country had become inspired with Pagan ideas to a considerable extent. Fervor for the constitution of the country, or state-worship, had become prevalent. Every class of society desired to exhibit its enthusiasm in this respect. Women shared it, and it is well known how prominent a part they acted. But children shared it also. And in Rennes, boys of 14, 15, and 16 were enrolled into a regiment, called "The Hope of the Country," and sent a deputation to the revolutionary tribunal to request that they might be allowed the privilege of despatching political criminals. The delegates were requested to take their seat beside the judges, as a mark of honour and confidence. They did so, and presided at the trial of several

prisoners who were then handed over to them to be shot. Amid such scenes did Gabriel pass some years of his boyhood, and from such contamination did his mother succeed in saving him, by sending him to a printer's office, where, by the way, he became a good compositor.

Some of his recollections of those years are exceedingly interesting and remarkable. The Revolutionary Tribunals were open to the public; many, however, who had friends on their trial there did not wish to appear in that court. They feared lest attention, which might prove the reverse of pleasant, should be drawn on themselves. In such a state of excitement, a word—a look of compassion for old friends, whom the tribunal saw reason to condemn as enemies of the state, might prove their own indictment. Hence, as emissaries, were sent into those courts persons who would not be likely to attract suspicion. Gabriel was often sent by his family to gain intelligence of the fate of friends, clerical and lay. It was a serious occupation for a boy. How dark, how sad, how terrible must have been the hours he passed there, gazing with anguish on men (whom he knew and venerated) being subjected to examinations which, he felt from sorrowful experience, must lead to their death. Three tribunals were, at that time, sitting, often the same day: there were the regular criminal court, to which the majority of the priests were sent; the Revolutionary Tribunal, which judged political conspirators; and the military commission, which took cognizance of those taken with arms in their hands. Gabriel used to listen to the questions and replies, and they made such an impression on him that he was able to repeat them, almost word for word, on his return home. Read one of his narrations of those fatal scenes, it is more thrilling than a tragedy. Seldom, indeed, have we had the opportunity of realizing the sanguinary events of those times, as the words of this youthful eye-witness have enabled us now to do. He begins his account as follows:—"Mr. Raoul and the three good sisters of La Chapelle St. Aubert have been seized and brought to the city yesterday—to-day they were to be tried." Such was the sad news of the morning, and about 8 or 9 o'clock I saw them passing our windows on their way to the Tribunal, followed by the mob, who accompanied them with the usual cry, "*à la Guillotine*" (to the Guillotine). I immediately went after them, and, young as I was, crept along from place to place until I got so near that I stood immediately behind Mr. Raoul, seated upon the bench, with my arms folded upon the railing, almost touching his back. The sisters were seated upon a bench across the other side of the floor. The judges, elevated, with their seats upon a higher floor (or dais), about upon a level with the heads of the prisoners and the gendarmes. The president of the court was Bonassier, who had been a reputable attorney of Rennes, esteemed before the Revolution as a good moral man, but a "philosopher," as our French Deists were called; naturally kind-hearted, but gradually drawn on, or rather pushed on, from one excess to the other, and then fixed in his dreadful position by personal fear. "Thy name and age," said the president. "Raoul Bodin," answered the priest, "aged seventy," or perhaps more, I do not exactly remember, but I still see the worthy man as he sat there, tall, very thin, with a bald forehead,

hair quite gray, a placid, noble, and truly religious countenance. "Thy profession?" "A priest—curé of the Chapelle St. Aubert." "Didst thou take the civic oath?" "No, citizen." "Why not?" was then asked, and he answered, "Because I could not, according to my conscientious views of the subject." Two or three short questions and answers may then have taken place which I do not call to mind, but I remember distinctly that the good old man began to entreat in favour of the three sisters, in whose house he had been arrested; speaking in a very calm but very affecting manner to the president and the court for two or three minutes, until he was repeatedly silenced. The tones of his voice are still sounding in my ears; his words were to this effect:—"Citizen-judges! will you put to death these poor ladies for an act of hospitality so inoffensive to the public—so natural, so worthy of their kind hearts, when I had been for twenty years, or more, their pastor? Spare them, citizens, it becomes so much better the Republic to show clemency," &c. "Silence, they must speak for themselves. Silence! it is none of thy office to address the tribunal in their favour. Silence! citizen." He was compelled to stop, sat down, and looked toward the poor sisters, who were then called upon successively to give their names and ages, and acknowledge that they knew the priest, and gave him asylum, in contravention to the national decrees. They were three elderly sisters, between forty-five and fifty years of age. After detailing part of their examination he says—"One of the sisters began to entreat in favour of the good old man, as he had done for them, but in a more earnest and severe manner. How cruel it would be to put to death so holy and innocent a man, who had committed no crime, but whose whole life had been spent in doing good to all, and especially to those who were then called the 'Sansculottes,' so particularly dear to the Republic, to the poor, to the aged, to the little ones," &c. She was repeatedly ordered to be silent, but only became the more animated, until compelled to hold her peace and let the matter take its course. The president then proceeded, after scarcely a moment's conference with the other judges, to pass sentence of death upon the priest Raoul and the three sisters who had given him asylum—adding the usual order, that all the religious objects found in the house, and which, in the language of the sentence were styled *les hochets des fanatismes*, toys of fanaticism, should be previously burned at the side of the scaffold." The nun, who had already spoken, could not conceal her indignation, addressing the judges and the people, she vehemently reproached them: "Barbarous people," she exclaimed, "amongst what savage nation has hospitality been ever made a crime, punishable with death?" But pleas or reproach availed nothing; the same day the four victims ascended the steps of the guillotine and looked their last on this world. The youthful Gabriel never accompanied the condemned to that final scene; such a spot would have been too repugnant to his soul, and contrary to all his mother's teachings. Many a time, however, he had occasion to observe the condemned on their way to execution. Affecting was the conduct of several upon this solemn march. Let him relate an instance. "One morning I was seated early at my studies, about half-past five o'clock, when, to my surprise, I heard at a

distance the notes of the 'Libera me, Domine,' from the burial service of the Church, sung by some one in the streets. The singers were evidently hurrying along fast, and the sounds grew more and more clear and distinct as they approached the square upon which our house stood. For two years all such chaunts had ceased in our streets, and therefore I jumped up and ran hastily to the window, to see from whom they proceeded. I immediately perceived a group of twenty or thirty soldiers, hurrying along two men bound together, in the garb of peasants, but I saw immediately that one of them was a priest; his black hair floating on his shoulders, his beard long and unshaven, the very hat upon his head, are present to my vivid recollections. I crossed the square, following close upon their footsteps. At the turn of the street the good priest had finished the *Libera*, and commenced singing the *Miserere*."

This account reminds one of the Jesuit missionaries in South America, who used to chant the *Te Deum* when they fell wounded by the arrows of unseen Indian foes. A curious account is given of the death of the President of the tribunal, Bonassier, whom we have noticed above. People, it is true in times when striking events occur, often see omens and judgments, rather according to what they would desire than to the bare facts of the case. It is also true that partisans often overlook events which happen on their own side, to mark as sinister occurrences taking place among their opponents. Nevertheless, there is something more than singular in the following account. The two countesses de Renac were sisters, both unmarried, and both living together at the age of about thirty or forty, in a handsome house facing the public promenade, called La Motte à Madame, at Rennes. Gabriel's mother was accustomed to take her morning walk there, and one day, as she was passing, one of the ladies whispered her, "Madame Bruté, would you like to assist at Mass, to-day?" Madame de Rémur reminded her that the decree against persons who should shelter non-juring priests, was, at that time, being enforced with great vigour, and, warning her to be cautious, declined to be present, notwithstanding her deep desire to hear Mass. The ladies, however, were incautious, and the priest imprudent; a few days afterwards, the house was denounced as harbouring disaffected priests. The task of discovering the priest devolved on Valeray, an unscrupulous agent of the committee, a man, moreover, who accepted it with eagerness, although he was well aware that his intended prey had been his schoolmate, and intimate friend. With a small detachment of experienced men, Valeray visited the house, searched it from attic to cellar, and yet discovered nothing. The ladies, though present, were on their guard. Fearing lest his search should prove abortive, Valeray took the ladies aside, pretended commiseration and sympathy, and represented that it would be impossible for the priest to escape the diligent ardour of his men. He, himself, as a friend of their guest, was anxious for the escape of his old school-mate. There was, however, but one chance for him. He must urge his men to a stricter search, and then the priest would be discovered, unless he had a hint of the spot he was concealed in,

when he could direct his men from that place. After anxious hesitation on the part of the ladies, and vehement protestations on Valeray's side, they revealed the place of the priest's concealment, and Valeray instantly called his men together, and had him dragged forth. They were all brought before the tribunal, and, as may be supposed, their examination was of short duration. The president, Bonassier, passed sentence of death upon all three. On this occasion he seemed much affected. He had known the ladies intimately. His voice assumed a harsh and angry tone, but could not disguise its sadness, or his own anguish. This trial affected him powerfully, his health broke down, frequent sighs marked the decay of his vital powers. When Buonaparte arose, a star above a troubled sea, Bonassier was continued in high position, for he was, as we have seen, a man not devoid of character or estimable qualities. But the people, at least the royalist portion of them said, that he bore life as a heavy burthen, and this extraordinary incident is related of his later days. He was one day, years after the trial we have just sketched, taking a solitary walk along the promenade, called *La Motte à Madame*, when just as he was passing the mansion of the Countesses de Renac, he suddenly heard his name called, "Bonassier." He looked round, but seeing nobody, he supposed he had made a mistake, and continued his walk to the end of the alley. A second time did he, with alarm, hear himself called, and saw nobody. Still he continued his walk, when, a third time he plainly heard his name repeated. In the greatest agitation and alarm, he addressed himself to some young men whom he saw approaching, and whom he may have thought were playing a trick upon him. "What is the matter, gentlemen, why am I called?" "The matter, sir," they answered, "don't you perceive it is the voice of the ladies at that mansion?" pointing to the house of the Renacs. Bonassier fell sick, and not long survived this remarkable event. His royalist opponents, naturally enough, set it down as a judgment upon him: but the popular voice is proverbially unreliable in matters of fact. Exaggerations are so very common that it would be a serious error to build much upon the fantastic grounds of rumour. However, one thing is happily certain, Bonassier died, a Christian death. When asked, in his last illness, would he like Father Gaffaud to be sent for. "Oh yes," said the dying man, "it would afford me great happiness."

Such were some of the scenes—sad and sanguinary enough—among which the boyhood of young Gabriel de Rémur was passed. There were others gayer to the eye, yet quite as sad to the soul. There were the periodical festivities with which the state celebrated certain days, which they substituted for the Christian holidays. It is known how, in its folly, the Republic, anxious to get rid of every vestige of the preceding state of things, and model all upon the old Roman Republic, abolished the usual nomenclature of days, months, and years. It instituted a new era, "Year of the Republic," and named its months as follows; Autumn: Vendémiaire, Brumaire, Frimaire, or Vintage, Fog, and Sleet months; Winter: Nivose, Pluviose, Ventose, or Snow, Rain, and Wind months; Spring: Germinal, Floreal, Prairial, or Budding, Floral and Meadowy months; Summer: Messi-

dor, Ferridor, Fructidor, or Harvest, Heat and Fruit months. Sundays were decreed extinct, and Decadi, or tenth-days were signalized as the legal days of rest. At first, the novelty, backed by curiosity, had some popularity. Each Decade was celebrated by some new contrivance. Extraordinary were the processions which young Gabriel beheld wending their way to the "Temple of Reason." On the Festival of Youth, bands of young men were assembled in marching order, and old men, on the Festival of Age. The Festivals of Agriculture, and of Arts, were marked by processions of labourers and mechanics, with their implements. In Fructidor, there were exhibitions of fruits, and so on through the year. All very pretty and innocent, apparently, but then there were always such days as the Festivals of Divorce, and Orations in the "Temple of Reason," on the yoke which Christianity had imposed upon human liberty in this matter. These were celebrations which only endured for a few years; they were human inventions, and man soon tires of his own inventions in religion.

Gabriel, who had intended entering the Polytechnic School, and pursued the study of mathematics to this end, saw fit to prepare himself for a nobler profession. In 1796, he began the study of medicine at Rennes. Nevertheless, he still managed, by visiting the prisoners, to be of service to priests and others who might be confined there. After two years' study at Rennes, Gabriel went to Paris. The Medical School of Paris was then at the height of its glory. Bichat, and Pinel, Esquirol, Fourcroy, and other illustrious names shed splendour over its name. Here, though Gabriel has passed out of his years of boyhood, we may mention some facts of his later career. As a student of medicine, Gabriel highly distinguished himself, not less by his attention and aptitude, than by his manly faith and piety, at the time when infidelity was a fashion. With several other students, he chose subjects for the class thesis, which afforded him an opportunity of avowing and defending faith in revelation, while rebutting the sophistries of some of the professors. This drew the attention of First Consul, Napoleon, to the state of things in the Medical School, and he directed professors to keep strictly to their professional teaching. There were at that time more than a thousand students attending lectures in medicine. By concursal examinations, a hundred and fifty of them were eliminated as the best, and a further examination was held to determine which of those athletes should bear the palm. That, indeed, would be a glorious prize for the victor, one worthy of heroic endeavours. The examination was held, The prize was awarded. To whom? To Gabriel de Rémur!

After that, what a career was open to him, of success, profit, and distinction! He was at once appointed Physician to the first Dispensary in Paris. Figure to yourself his passage along the path of renown, while noting, as a touching trait in his character, that he sent his precious prize to his teacher at Rennes, as a mark of his gratitude. Yes, picture in the most brilliant colours that fancy can afford, his triumphant professional life in the gay Parisian world. And then, read this, "I am exiled on the eastern shore of Maryland, where I serve with Mr. Monaly, at St. Joseph's, Talbot Co. I went there the first days of vacation. I am trying to learn

practically my English. I have said Mass and preached, bad preaching it may be, in six different places."

Yes! that extract was written by Doctor Gabriel de R  mur, the first prizeman of the Parisian concursal examinations. He declined the offer of the dispensary, and, seeing how thin had grown the ranks of the clergy, he devoted himself to the Church. He graduated in medicine, in 1803, in 1804, he received the tonsure, and after spending four years in the Seminary of St. Sulpice, was ordained priest. He went on the foreign mission, reaching America in 1810, and shortly after, was appointed professor of a seminary in Baltimore. Thence he was transferred to the Sulpician Seminary at Emmitsburg, in Maryland, and this soon acquired that renown which has never departed from "Mount St. Mary's College." In 1834, Father Gabriel was appointed to the See of Vincennes, in Indiana, of which he was the first Bishop. On his arrival in America, he had found the Church with but one Bishop, and he an Irishman, the most Rev. Dr. Carroll; but, when he went to occupy his See, there were many. He passed through Cincinnati, governed by another Irish Bishop, most Rev. Dr. Purcell, and pursuing his onward way through storms and prairies, at last reached his own, Vincennes. He was warmly received. But, what a contrast did this little town in the wilderness present to that in France, whose name it bore. Its Cathedral, of brick, unadorned, was little over 100 feet long, by sixty wide. The Episcopal Palace, separated from the Church by a small strip of garden, magnificently contained one room and one closet, and nothing more! A wooden shed, at some distance, presented an apartment for the Bishop's servant, and a stable for his horse, when he had one. The Cathedral pew-rents absolutely amounted to £20, not much more than what was needed for the expenses of the Church itself, whilst the subscription, on paper, for the Bishop's support, rose to £50 per annum. He had a flock of about fifteen hundred. In the visitations, which, as Bishop, he made throughout his diocese, he came upon strange scenes. At the Indian village of Pokegan, for instance, he visited a mission. The missionary had baptized over six hundred Catholic Indians, whose huts surrounded the chapel. The Indians had built it. With the axe as their only implement, and strips of skin and bark to serve instead of nails and glue, they erected the little bark chapel. On its floor were rude benches, and in a corner, a ladder by which the Bishop ascended to visit the missionary's abode. It was a single room above the church, containing books on its walls, but only a chair, table, and hammock, as other furniture. Missionary and Indians formed a community of strict teetotallers. He found the Indians leading an innocent life, kindly disposed, and quick to learn. The Bishop's learning, and the active use he made of it, his energy and indefatigable exertions in the cause of virtue, made him beloved throughout America.

After many changes, many labours, Gabriel, the Breton boy, born under royalty, a witness to the Reign of Terror, died under the wing of the great Western Republic, in his peaceful Bishopric of Vincennes, in 1839.

COLUMBA.

FIDELITY.

The day was bright ; 'twas smiling May,
And yielding to its spell,
I took each unfrequented way
Through lonely wood and dell,
Finding my thoughts were far away,
My beating bosom swell ;
I paused to try
The reason why ;—
But that I scarce could tell.—

And glancing down a steep incline,
Which sloping towards the vale,
Was laved by waters crystalline,
That wooed the whispering gale,
I saw an aged man recline,—
Oh, sad he seemed and pale—
Beneath the shade
A lime had made—
To pause one could not fail.

There was a something in his look,
His garb—his presence there—
Which told that he was one forsok
By friends, men, all—save Care ;
I slowly crossed the murmuring brook,
And slowly made repair,
To where he lay
Weary of day,
Screened from the sun's hot glare.

And fearful lest from my concern,
He'd think I sought to pry,
Gazing upon his features stern,
“ Good morrow, friend,” quoth I ;
His languid face, he did upturn
His answer was a sigh :
“ Why sigh, good friend ?
’Tis frail to bend,
E’en vanquished—base to fly.”

The old man sitting half erect,
Looked steadfastly on me,
He seemed the emblem of neglect,
Whose hopes the troubled sea

Of life had buffeted and wrecked—
Alas! how ruthlessly—
After a while,
With forced smile,
In such wise answered he:

“You ask me, stranger, why I sigh,
While joyous nature beams
With love and hope;—these charms shall fly,
Alas! like pleasing dreams,
But sit you on the stone close by,
’Tis sheltered from the gleams
Of the sultry sun,
Then I’ll say on,
For my sadness is what it seems.

“See yonder smiling woodlands bloom,
With all the wealth of May,
The hawthorn, furze, wild rose, and broom
Their varied hues display;
Yet more than transitory gloom,
Would chase thy smile away,
Hadst thou but known
What Fate had done
To sadden all their gay.

“The feathered warblers carol high,
The woods resound their song;
The streamlet chaunts its lullaby,
Flowing lazily along;
Yet all could not repress a sigh,
For her who dwelt among
Those haunts of dream;
E’en now they seem
To Faëry to belong.

“Yon moss-grown ruin, marks the spot,
Beneath the sloping hill,
Where stood a neat though humble cot;
Fond recollection still
Bids all those forms—not once forgot—
Arise, and e’en fulfil
Their wont employ
Of work and joy,
With their old, right-good will.

"I see the wife, the joyous sire,
 The babe—the children—all ;
 And Mary ! thy bright charms inspire
 Delight—did not recall
 Thy withered heart's most dear desire,
 That grim old ruined hall,
 Upon the hill,
 I shudder still—
 It fills me with appal—

"Ah ! thou hadst every matchless grace,
 'Till from that sombre hall,
 Pleased with thy too-bewitching face,
 A youth came to thy thrall ;
 He quickly wooed and won apace,
 And wed thee—after all,
 Awakened pride
 Cast thee aside,
 And turned thy love to gall.

"Thou wast the fairest—frailest flower,
 Of all thy garden grew,
 They perished in a fated hour,
 But thou art withered, too ;
 They drooped neglected in their bower,
 When thy crushed spirit flew ;
 Then, never say
 These haunts are gay,
 O traveller, 't is untrue !"

Dashing a tear from his rugged cheek,
 He 'rose and moved away,
 He left me scarce the power to speak—
 Was gone ere I could stay
 His hurried steps—ere I could seek,
 That strange old man's delay !
 With sadder face
 I left the place—
 I *will* not call it gay.

PART SECOND.

Twelve months have rolled—'tis May again,
 Again I ramble on,
 O'er hill, through vale, and smiling plain,
 To seek that scene so lone,

Where last I saw—with mingled pain—
 The old man—he is gone
 From the leafy lime,
 The warblers' chime;
 Deserted is the stone!

"'Twas but last summer—'tis not long—
 I saw beneath this shade,
 A poor old man, the wreck of wrong,
 On whom most sorrows preyed;
 So seemed he—Are those nerves unstung,
 That long—that strongly made,
 Courageous fight
 'Gainst 'whelming might!"
 But here I saw a maid.

"Tarry, my pretty, pretty child,
 And say if e'er you've seen
 A worn old man, of aspect mild,
 Reclining on the green?"
 The maiden stopped, and blushed, and smiled,
 Then sobbed—A tear drop's sheen
 Sparkled so bright!
 'Gainst the sun's warm light,
 On her dark eye's fringed screen.

"My pretty little fairy-queen,
 I grieve to see you weep,
 Dry up your tears—say have you seen
 The old man?" "Ah! sir, deep
 His bed, o'er which the grass is green,
 He sleeps a long, cold sleep;
 He lies beside
 His promised bride"—
 The child began to weep.

"Lead me—lead me, my gentle maid,
 To where the old man sleeps;
 For earthly sorrows well repaid,
 In each tear the maiden weeps."
 She led, and soon my footsteps stayed
 Where gray a tombstone peeps
 Over a wall,
 Whose ivied pall
 A funeral aspect keeps.

We slowly cross the crumbling stile,
 And by the rugged stone
 We kneel, we pray, but for a while,
 And now, our task is done.
 "My pretty girl—Ah! try to smile,
 By whom were these flowers strewn
 Over the grave?"
 She no answer gave,
 But looked so sad—so lone.

ELEGY.

Sleep—sleep
 In thy narrow bed,
 Let others weep,
 For *thy* griefs are fled;
 Never again,
 Ah! poor old man,
 Shalt thou know pain
 Down thy features wan.
 No more shall course the scalding tears,
 Springing from misery of years!
 No more shall you sit beneath the tree,
 To hearken to woodland minstrelsy;
 Thou shalt never again thy sad tale tell
 To the traveller in the lonely dell:
 —Beyond the reach of griefs and fears,
 Thy spirit has fled to brighter spheres.

Rest—rest—
 In thy narrow bed,
 For no cares infest
 The home of the dead:
 Thy spirit has flown to seek thy love,
 Amid elysian vales above.

Smile—smile—
 For o'er thy grave,
 The green-grass bends—the wild-flowers wave.
 Beneath the cooling zephyr's breath,
 That sigh thy mournful dirge of death;
 Beneath, the summer's smiling sun,
 That smiles but to make thy bed more lone.

Smile—smile—
 By maidens young
 Thy funeral dirge is softly sung,

Smile—smile—
For maidens weave,
Garlands of wild-flowers for thy grave.

Vent not thy sighs,
Though fond maidens weep,
With streaming eyes,
As they sadly steep—
The wild-flowers o'er thy grave with tears,
For they owe that debt—and in after years—
Maids shall weep when they hear the tale
Of the gray old man of the lonely vale,
And wish their loves as true as he,
Who died in fond *fidelity*!
Smile—smile—
If a blest spirit can—
While we weep for thy sorrows, thou poor old man.

“And now, my pretty—pretty maid,
You may be missed from home ;
I fear that we’ve too long delayed,
So I’ll escort you—come.”
She pointed to a neighbouring glade,
Tripped past the old, gray tomb,
She waved adieu—
Then I pursue,
My journey—and my gloom.

COLUMBUS AT SAN SALVADOR.

WHEN the prow of Columbus first struck the point of San Salvador, and he cast his eyes upon the new world, he was so completely fascinated by the sublimity of the surrounding landscape, that he terms it a second paradise. As regards climate, productions of soil, and grandeur of scenery, he acknowledges himself utterly unable to give even a sketch, and far surpassing the imagination of the wildest and most enthusiastic admirer of nature. Beautiful birds, of rainbow colours, fluttered and sported in the groves, making their cool shady aisles sound to a thousand mingling notes; bright insects, with light transparent wings, were roving from flower to flower, giving a drowsy hum to the already bland and languid air, and the mingling colours that they exhibited playing confusedly together, appeared elegant and grand; the atmosphere was pure and elastic, and bore all the wild sweetness of the surrounding verdure and flowers; the magnificent forests swept away as far as the eye could reach, with their summits wreathed in a fresh and brilliant verdure; the bays lay sleeping within

their banks, with a bright and glossy stillness; the music of the far-off rivers was heard in the silence of the atmosphere, and the waters of those that were near flowed forth sparkling and fresh as the mountain spring. As regards the luxuries of life, a large proportion sprang forth spontaneous. The plum glistened in the foliage of the wood—the vines of the grape mounted the most lofty trees, and hung their swinging branches from the dizzy tops, and the earth below was choked and tangled by the creeping herbage that ran in wild luxuriance over it. It might almost have warranted the belief that it was none other than Eden itself, unmarred by the hand of civilization, but lying in all its glory and perfection, as when the unhappy couple fled before the wrath of the Almighty.

When the caravals of Columbus were first seen hovering on the shores of the Indians, their *superstition* became awakened, and they were deeply impressed with an awful reverence. They supposed they came from out the eastern horizon, where the sky bent down to the waters. Instead of resorting to *reason* to solve the phenomenon, their ignorance called in their superstition, and Columbus with his fleet was supposed to be supernatural, under the care of Him who made the thunder and kept the hosts of heaven in their courses. And through this very same *ignorance*, the Indians have held their superstition even unto the present day.

On the first landing of Columbus, he met with another trait of Indian character, *hospitality* and *kindness*. Nor could this be ascribed to *fear* alone; for subsequently, when their superstition had become in a manner allayed, and by beholding the dead bodies of the Spaniards, they assured themselves that they were indeed mortal, we find the same love and kindness actuating their conduct toward the whites. It is related by Irving, I think, in his History of Columbus, of a cacique, named Suacanagari, that he befriended, and fought for the Spaniards unto the last—even when every tribe beside was arrayed in hostility against them, because he had pledged himself to do it; and many instances are on record, where a chief has submitted to the fate of having his village pillaged rather than restore a friend whom he had taken under his protection. And at the present time, no kindness goes farther than the Indian's, and no gratitude is quicker retaliated.

As regards the *courage* of the Indians, it is established beyond a doubt—nothing dimming it—not even death. It lives amid the flames of the fagot—it never stoops—but is in all cases the same. The war-song is sounded to them by their mothers while yet in their “tree-rocked cradles”—deeds of chivalry are recounted and played before them in their juvenile years, and courage becomes the most noble pride which an Indian can bestow upon his aspiring offspring. If an Indian want fame, let him excel in the arts of war—all others are of secondary consideration. Stratagems—skill—impassiveness under all circumstances—render a warrior among his tribe noble, and his deeds shall be sung long after he shall have laid himself down in the shade of the forest.

I must bring up a character who bore a conspicuous part in the island of Hayti, when the Indians began to feel the Spanish yoke, and made a

struggle for their independence. He was a cacique, named Caonabo. In a deep-laid plot, he was taken by a young cavalier, and brought in prisoner before Columbus. Previous to his capture, he had fought long and well for freedom, and kept up the torch of war even when the neighbouring tribes were silent and peaceful. Columbus deemed him the most formidable foe around him, and therefore adopted measures for ensnaring him. But when Caonabo came before the admiral, his high and lofty soul remained unbent—the haughty spirit which he exhibited in the wilderness had not stooped; but even amid the camp of his enemies he bore about him an air of superiority. He plainly told Columbus he had intended to burn his fortress and murder his people—that he had shed the blood of some of them, and that it had been his intention to slay more. He even went so far as to lay before him a plan, whereby he was to surprise the fortress; and then, in the undaunted and firm demeanour which characterized him at the head of his tribe, turned upon the admiral with a scornful eye, bidding defiance to his most exquisite tortures. After this he was conducted on board of one of the caravals, and bound down with chains. When Columbus visited him, he remained seated, rapt in a sullen, melancholy mood, taking no notice of him whatever; but when the young cavalier who entrapped him came where he was, Caonabo showed every form of respect by rising and saluting him. When asked the reason of not paying due deference to the admiral, and lavishing his respect upon a subject, he said he loved the young man for his *art* in ensnaring him, and his *courage* in bearing him away from his country and friends. Poor Caonabo died on his voyage to Spain. He pined and drooped gradually, even as the lion of the forest in his iron-bound den.

AN ILL-USED GENTLEMAN.

It was a bright, beautiful, breezy morning in the laughing, loving, and “leafy month of June,” when on opening the door that leads into my little spot of ground, (dignified by the name of garden,) I became at once aware that I was labouring under a very decided attack of that pleasant but profitless distemper, termed idlesse. I looked towards the town; there it stood, the image of puffy importance, fuming and smoking away in its usual busy and petulant manner, and I bethought myself of the dust and the dirt, and the glare and the heat—the bartering and the bargaining, the buying and the selling, and the rest of the multifarious bustle going on within its walls, and the agreeable tranquillity of my spirit became disturbed, I turned towards the country, and there it lay—hill and dale, tillage and pasturage, wood, water, and greenwood, basking and rejoicing in the beneficent and procreant sunshine. Suddenly that portion of the Scriptures which saith, “there is a time for all things, a time for work and a time for play,” became forcibly impressed upon me. Certes, quoth I, the latter part of that injunction has been too long neglected; and away I strode towards the conscientious discharge of my duty.

How pleasant and quiet are the works of nature to those of man—how serene and noiseless her magnificent operations! Here was no clanking of hummers, or hacking of saws, or puffing of steam, or villanous gases and exhalations, yet was her ladyship labouring on the most extensive scale. How delicious, too, were the accompaniments of her handicraft! the young corn springing, and the merry birds singing in the blue sky above it; the green grass growing, and the fresh breeze blowing far and wide. Here and there, in the nooks and corners of the winding lanes, was the bee humming over some clump of natural poetry—I mean wild flowers—gratifying eye and ear with its cheerful and luxurious industry, while, on every side, the beautiful blossoming hawthorn impregnated the cool air with its pure and healthful fragrance.

“God made the country, and man made the town.”

A glorious line that, thought I, as I sauntered dreamily on my pleasant and purposeless path.

Ah! a patch of moorland, skirting and relieving the rich fertility of the district, its dark heathery surface irregularly dotted with adult and incipient sheep (oh, the delicious flavour of moorland mutton! rich, yet not cloying; so specially different from the greasy lusciousness of the plain!) with here and there a four-footed ass, standing considering whether to eat or sleep. Blessed state of animal and assinine existence! Through this moor a tiny brook went “singing a quiet tune,” as it wended its solitary and uncared-for way towards some more pompous and important geographical stream. I followed it, of course—for an idle man as naturally and unconsciously followeth the course of running water as he followeth that of his own nose—quite busily employed in fashioning the most filmy and fantastic projects, and erecting aerial castles of a very gorgeous and imposing description, when, on rounding a small knoll on which grew a patch of furze, I came suddenly upon a gentleman much more usefully and practically employed. He was washing a pocket handkerchief in the limpid waters of the brook, and humming “Love’s Young Dream.” It was a singular employment for a person of that gender, yet did he not seem altogether unskilled in the exercise of it, and evermore he washed and sung—

“Oh! there’s nothing half so sweet in life
As young love’s dream!”

On the aforesaid furze bush lay outspread that refuge for the shirtless, surnamed “a dickey,” and alongside of it, that other piece of assumption, that goeth by the name of collar, both of which had evidently undergone a recent partial purification. On becoming aware of my presence he attempted a hasty concealment, but immediately perceived the futility of such a procedure. I had become so fully, yet so simply and unobtrusively aware of the state of his linen and cotton garments, and the manner in which they were restored to their original complexion, that subterfuge or ill-feel-

ing were equally out of the question. He therefore, with a pleasant, yet rueful smile, bade me "good morning," and jocosely added, that it was "fine drying weather!"

"Very," responded I.

"Ah! sir," continued the primitive washerman with a sigh, as he spread the handkerchief alongside of the dickey and collar, "misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows!"

At once I knew him to be a player, by the inappropriateness of his quotation.

"Tut!" said I, "'tis nothing. The daughters of kings did the same thing in the classical times, before the world knew anything of soap. I like to see a man independent of the fashions of his day."

"And, then," said he, evidently relieved by the way in which I treated the subject, and disposed to carry on the conversation in the same strain—"washerwomen are so careless! now, when a gentleman officiates as his own laundress, he is at least sure—(with a serio-comic glance at the furze bush,) that he can lose nothing!"

"Most veritable! therefore take heed," quoth I, "how you depart from your present practice."

In five minutes we were the best friends in the world, and an infinity of words ensued. In fact, we talked ourselves hungry; and, as it was now about the hour for refreshing and replenishing the stomach, I ventured to propose to my new friend that he should dine with me at a small hostel situated on the outskirts of the moor, and this proposal he accepted with a frankness and alacrity, which showed him to be a person who despised ceremonious observances as much as he did new and gaudy apparel.

But I must endeavour to give some idea of my companion's rather singular appearance. He seemed to be a man about five and thirty, with a somewhat long and cadaverous physiognomy, yet pleasant withal. His person had a lean, lank, dinnerless-like look, as if he had not sat at "good men's feasts," or what is much more to the purpose—men's good feasts, for some time past, and his vestments were in a state of exceeding dilapidation. He wore a snuff-coloured surtout, from which most of the buttons had departed, and a pair of contumacious pepper-and-salt coloured pantaloons, which obstinately refused to proceed farther than half-way down his legs; they could never have been made for him, but must have been the gift or bequest of some dear and much shorter friend. An attempt had been made to forcibly compel them to approach nearer to the ankle by the wearing of straps, but, like all coercive measures in a free country, it had failed of success, for though the left leg was still in equivocal subjection, the right, scorning to submit to the dominion of the strap, had resolutely broken loose, leaving, however, a few fragmentary trophies in possession of the enemy. As regarded the other appurtenances of my friend, his waistcoat was not exactly "worn i'the newest gloss," it had evidently seen better days—his shoes wanted mending very much, and the verdure had departed from his hat.

"Stop a moment till I *dress*," said he, as I prepared to set forward; and he vanished with his linen behind the furze.

In a few minutes he re-appeared, arrayed in a clean shirt (at least as far as public display was concerned,) and a starchless collar. He then gave his hands and face a partial ablution in the brook, and which he said the sun would dry as we walked along; (what a greatness of idea to use the sun for a towel!) drained a little hair-oil from a bottle, which he produced from his pocket, rubbed it on his hair, adjusted his hat on one side, buttoned his coat, as far as such a feat was practicable, and exclaiming, "Now then, all's right!" started off by my side.

I could not help admiring my new acquaintance as we walked along. Notwithstanding his apparently forlorn condition, his confident air, brisk step, and lordly swagger, plainly declared that he was on exceedingly good terms with himself. He was a man that had evidently made up his mind to have nothing to do with misfortune; others might grapple with her, but he would slip aside and let her pass. He was, to use his own expression, "a gentleman out of luck!" but his sky was still clearly filled with rainbows of the most brilliant character; and I could not help contrasting to his advantage, the happy buoyancy of his temperament, which stood him in place of the most refined or stoical philosophy, with that of others, who revert regretfully and mournfully to the past, dwell despondingly on the present, and look anxiously and doubtfully towards the future. Yet, for all this, he informed me in confidence, as we proceeded, that he considered himself by far the most ill-used gentleman on the face of this green and good-looking earth.

After the third plate of our country cheer (fried ham and new laid eggs) had disappeared, and the fourth bottle of ale had gone to attend upon it, my friend began to stretch himself in a luxurious picktooth fashion, and wonder if there were any filberts in that part of the country. Mine host professed his ignorance of such a vegetable, but said he had some capital milk-cheese. In the absence of filberts, milk-cheese was not to be despised, and after about another quarter of an hour's labour at the cheese, and the evanishment of two more bottles of ale, the "gentleman out of luck," began to manifest decided symptoms of communicativeness. Like a vast number of good-tempered fellows, the more he drank the stronger became the infusion of the pensive and sentimental in his discourse. The conversation assumed a mixed character.

"'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild,"

and like that of most theatrical people, it was simply, solely, and entirely about himself and his concerns; the losses, crosses, trials, and tribulations he had endured—the neglect and contumely he had put up with from mercenary managers and misjudging audiences; and this, together with a goodly list of broken engagements, unpaid salaries, and profitless benefits, united to a fondness for good living, a social glass, and "genteel" company, had reduced him to his present circumstances, which he assured me were crazy and unmanageable enough, in consequence of the paltry and

contracted notions of tradespeople in provincial towns, who scrupled—he could not for the life of him surmise why—to give gentlemen in his line credit. His prospects, however, he said, were capital—if he only had £5; but the want of this insignificant sum prevented his reaching the metropolis and realizing a handsome fortune. Of this he did not entertain the slightest doubt. In fact, he assured me, that if he only had fair play, he would have been at the top of his profession, and wallowing in wealth long ago; because, as he pretty plainly hinted, there not being at present a man on the British stage (with the exception of himself), that could render full and complete justice to Shakespeare, there was little or nothing to prevent such a desirable consummation.

“Of course, you have seen my *Macbeth*?” said he.

I confessed that I had not had that pleasure. Indeed, I was obliged to own that I was ignorant of even the name of the distinguished tragedian in whose company I had the honour to find myself.

“Name, my good sir, my *professional* name (at present) is Stanley—Marmaduke Stanley—how do you like it? Noble name! fine associations!—‘Charge, Chester, charge—on Stanley, on!’ and egad, I will ‘on’ as soon as I get those five pounds.”

“*Professional* name,” quoth I, taken rather aback.

“O true! my real name—that is, the name my ancestors were contented to put up with, and obliging enough to transmit to me, was Wiggins!—actually Wiggins! Think of that!—to which they had the excellent taste to prefix Timothy, in compliment to my Uncle, the barber—Timothy Wiggins!—Hamlet by Timothy Wiggins! Good Heavens, sir, it was not to be endured. Could the great Garrick himself be resuscitated, and play Hamlet under the name of Wiggins, the critics would sneer, and the audience laugh at him.”

I cordially admitted that as far as euphony was concerned, Wiggins was not exactly the thing, and wishing to take at least a seeming interest in the fate of the said Wiggins, *alias* Stanley, inquired if he had any existing engagement.

“Why, yes,” said he, drawing up his collar, which being starchless, required some management to keep it in an upright position. “I at present *lead* in Weazle’s company—little Nic Weazle’s—a gentleman well known in these districts—and now performing at the temporary theatre in the neighbouring village of B——”

“But Weazle, I presume, is like the rest of the managerial tribe—blind to merit, eh?”

“Why, not *exactly*. I must do *him* the justice to say, that he *does* appreciate me, and stands my friend as far as lies in his power.”

“His power!—why, is he not manager—autocrat—supreme dictator?”

Mr. Stanley laid his hand impressively on my shoulder.

“Sir,” said he, in a troublous voice, and with a peculiar expression of countenance, which induced me to surmise that he must himself have been entrapped sometime or other in the snare of matrimony; “sir, Weazle is a married man!”

"The devil"

"Ay, you may say that—and *such* a woman! Alas! poor Weazle! Now, you see, I happen to be disgracious in the eyes of Mrs. W. for sundry reasons. In the first place, I have interfered more than once, when I certainly had no business, and prevented her beating her liege lord; and secondly, I was the man that detected her affair with Brown, and informed Weazle of it.

"Affair with Brown!"

"Why, yes. The truth is—'frailty, thy name is woman!' Mrs. Weazle does not happen to be exactly 'as pure as unsunned snow!'

'Chaste as the icicle
That hangs on Diana's temple.'

You understand me? She despises Weazle, and suffers her eye 'to hunt after new fancies!' Now, this Brown—a fellow that takes the seconds in tragedy, sings comic songs, plays Harlequin, paints scenes, and makes himself generally useful, has hit Mrs. Weazle's fancy; and the unchaste virago takes every opportunity to elevate him and disparage me. Why, sir—but you will scarcely credit it—she actually wanted me—me! (emphasizing every word)—to play Macduff to Browne's Macbeth!"

I was horror-stuck, of course; and, looking him incredulously in the face, exclaimed, "Impossible!"

"Why, doubtless, it appears, so to you, and all the world"—(nearly all actors have an impression that the general business of the world is suspended when any squabble occurs among themselves, and some labour under this hallucination to an almost incredible extent)—"I knew you would not—could not, believe it; but (rising from his seat, and laying his hand upon his heart) I do solemnly assure you, sir, upon my word and honour as a gentleman, *such was really the fact!*"

My countenance indicated that the world was coming to an end, but I faltered out—"compose yourself, my dear fellow."

"I will try. Much-injured shade of Shakespeare—Browne's Macbeth!—Landlord, another bottle—and I indignantly spurned the damning degradation—she commanded Weazle to dismiss me!"

"And did he comply?"

"He *must* have done it—legally married—no choice you know; but, luckily, there happened to be a £3 penalty in the way in case of breach of covenants, which, of course, rendered the thing impossible."

"Infamous woman!"

"Ay, you may say that—exceedingly infamous; and what is worse, ugly to boot—five feet eleven and a beard, besides being partial to liquor, as I am a tragedian! But that's not all—your health, sir—she now takes every opportunity of marring my *points*, and ruining my *effects*. It was only the other week we had to enact Hamlet. I, of course, was Hamlet, Well, you shall hear. Weazle *ought* to have played first grave-digger—but what does this incarnation of evil—Mrs. Weazle—do, but take advantage of her husband's partial intoxication—your especial good health.

sir!—to persuade him he would make a *hit* as the Ghost of Hamlet's father! I saw her design at once—it was to *kill* me!"

"Kill you!"

"That is, professionally kill me; and I told Weazle so; and what do you think was the reward of my candour?"

"We live in a base and ungrateful world, my dear sir—it is almost impossible to say."

"Why, the vain-glorious blockhead told me that I was not the only man of ability in the world—others, he flattered himself (he did flatter himself, indeed!) had talent—the Ghost had been too often entrusted to inferior actors, and *he* was determined the part should, for once, have justice done it! Justice!—Think, sir, of a shrimp of a fellow, scarcely five feet high, very asthmatic, with a crab-like shuffle in his gait, one leg being shorter than the other, and a voice like unto that of a penny trumpet, personating the 'buried majesty of Denmark!' How self-love will blind a man!—don't you think so?"

"I do indeed. But did it turn out as you anticipated?"

"Worse, sir, *much* worse! Why, as soon as the Spirit appeared, and I commenced (in capital voice) my 'Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!' there was a universal grin all over the house; and when the trifling abortion went on to speak of his brother, whose natural gifts were poor to those of his! derisive cries of 'Well done, Weazle!—bravo, little Weazle!' shook the theatre. All this, would you believe it, the misguided man took in good faith! and has since talked of trying the part in London! Well, this went on—very pleasant, was it not?—until he made his exit, squeaking out, 'Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me!' amid a tumult of noise and uproar which he calls applause. Now, this was excellent sport, and very agreeable, I dare say, to those who were enjoying themselves, but only imagine *my* situation! Can you conceive it, sir? There was I standing gazing after my Father's Spirit with a countenance on which love, fear, pity, awe, horror, reverence, indignation, and amazement, were visibly depicted—and the whole house convulsed with laughter!"

"Shameful! shameful!!"

But what vexed me most was, that it entirely *killed* my attitude! I had taken some pains with it,—it was, in fact, supremely good, and I had made up my mind that it would produce a sensation! I was, of course, unwilling to change it until the audience had sufficiently recovered from their ill-timed mirth to be able to appreciate its elegance and originality. This they were in no hurry to do, and I remained standing in the same posture until an impatient bumpkin in the gallery bawled out, 'I say, Measter Hamlet, be'st goin' to speak or noa?' This was *rather too much*, and so disconcerted me, that I forgot the text, but went on (appropriately enough) apostrophising the Spirit, 'Remember thee! ay, thou *poor* ghost!' and egad, I will not forget him in a hurry!"

But I am afraid I grow tiresome. It is a very different matter enjoying the good humoured detail of a gentleman's ludicrous distresses over a bottle, and coldly relating them to the public on paper.

Suffice it to say, that we enjoyed each other's company mightily; and on his informing me, among other matters, that his "benefit was fixed" for the ensuing week, when he proposed electrifying the inhabitants of B—— with his "Othello," I begged to know where tickets were to be secured. Upon this he produced from his pocket sundry pieces of card, on which were written, "Mr. Stanley's Night—Boxes." Of these I took half-a-dozen, at two shillings each, paying the money for the same; the unexpected and unusual feel of which so elated the worthy tragedian, that he pressed me to walk towards the post road, where he could find an inn, and he would treat me to a beef-steak and a bottle of wine. This, however, I declined, and promising faithfully to see him make his grand effort in the ensuing week, I shook hands and parted with the happiest and most amusing "ill-used gentleman" I had ever met with.

The Monday evening of the ensuing week saw me quietly ensconced in the stage box of the temporary theatre at B——. It was a building used for all the great events which occurred in that marvellous little town. All sorts of mountebanks, jugglers, travelling portrait painters, equestrians, quacks, lecturers on elocution, and other birds of passage, hired it during their brief sojourn; in it the B—— Debating Society expended its weekly accumulation of eloquence; divines of every persuasion, but without any stationary congregation, held forth beneath its sheltering and important roof; and in it the several Auxiliary Branch Societies of the district annually gathered themselves together. In times of great political excitement, however, its mere local notoriety was emerged in its astonishing national importance. Public meetings were held in it, to overawe the government; and it was well understood by the inhabitants of B—— generally, and by the leading speakers especially, that the passage of many important measures lately was principally owing (though the government did not like to confess it) to the over-powering floods of declamation that had issued from this very edifice. At present it was in the hands of Weazle, who had selected it as an eligible place from whence to disseminate a knowledge of Shakespeare and the legitimate drama, over the surrounding district; and, with the exception of the scenery, machinery, dresses, decorations, company, and orchestral department, the arrangements certainly did him credit.

It was a capital house. Nearly all the aristocracy of B——, consisting of the principal grocer, butcher, linen-draper, hatter, and publican, with their respective families, crowded the boxes with beauty and fashion; whilst several farmers and farmeresses in the vicinity represented the agricultural interest. The rest of the audience consisted of the usual miscellaneous contributions of a county district. Altogether there had not been such a house in B—— within the memory of the oldest play-going inhabitant; it contained upwards of £18 sterling, and the austere of the neighbourhood predicted that some signal calamity was certain to follow such a scene of gaiety and dissipation.

It is not my intention (did I possess the power) to systematically criticize the entertainments of the evening; parts of the performance seemed

a very fair counterpart to the account furnished me of Hamlet; notwithstanding which, the audience maintained that grave and decorous demeanour which ought always to pervade a house on the representation of a tragedy. I cannot, however, refrain from a passing notice of the Othello and Desdemona of the evening, personated by my friend and Mrs. Weazle. I have seen Kean as the Moor, and though much gratified on the whole, candour compels me to say, in justice to an unknown great man, in many respects he was decidedly inferior to Wiggins—that is to say, Stanley. I know very little about such matters, but it appeared to me that Kean neither stamped nor tore his hair (wool) with half the fury, nor rolled his eyes about until nothing could be seen but the white, with one quarter the effect. In the celebrated scene touching the loss of the handkerchief, there was no comparison. Wiggins reiterated his demand for “the handkerchief!”—“the handkerchief!”—“the handkerchief!”—with a force, increasing the volume of his voice at each interrogation, of which Kean was physically incapable. Opinions may differ about shades of excellence, but facts are stubborn things; and it was ascertained that he was most distinctly heard by the village blacksmith on the opposite side of the street, during the operation of shoeing a horse. This speaks volumes. His exertions drew down thunders of applause, and proved among other things, that whatever might be the state of the pockets, prospects, or habiliments of the “ill-used gentleman,” his lungs, at least, were in excellent condition and free from the slightest taint of pulmonary affection.

In the more pathetic portions of the character, I cannot say that I felt tearfully inclined; but this I rather attribute to a want of becoming sensibility on my part, as the frequent application of white handkerchiefs to the eye, and adjacent features of sundry farmer’s daughters and dress-makers, incontestibly proved that my friend knew how to move the waters. In short, to use the emphatic words of the judicious and discriminating critic of the “B—— Advertiser,” with whom Wiggins used to smoke his pipe and take his pot—“it was one of the most powerful, pathetic, terrific, and energetic performances ever witnessed on any stage in any age.”

Of the Desdemona of Mrs. Weazle, I cannot speak so highly. The fact was, she was not exactly the figure for the part, being truly, as my friend had described her, “five feet eleven with beard.” She was, too, extremely stout in proportion even to her height, and had a stride like a grenadier’s, so that she fairly put one in mind of the heroines of the gender masculine in the ancient time, when, in the words of an old poet, men acted—

“That were between
Forty and fifty, wenches of fifteen;
With bone so large, and nerve so incontinent,
When you call’d Desdemona—enter Giant!”

She was, in good truth, a formidable looking lady; and as I gazed at her, I thought, despite his faults, with sorrow and commiseration of Mr. Weazle. In her earlier years, she *might* have had a waist, but at present such an article did not constitute a portion of her anatomy, so that there

being no connecting link, her shoulders had the appearance of directly resting on a much more substantial pedestal. A glance at the extremity of the most prominent feature of her face was enough to convince the most sceptical, that the insinuation respecting the attachment to spirituous liquors was not without foundation. In addition to all this, she was labouring under a very decided hoarseness, and her white satin dress, from some cause or other, formed anything but a contrast to the colour of her lord's complexion; so, that, taking all things into consideration, she did not exactly come up to one's preconceived ideas of

"The gentle lady wedded to the Moor;"

and when her father, before the senate described her as—

"A maiden never bold :
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blushed at herself ;"

the grocer's heiress, who had been at a watering place on the coast, and knew something, looked very significantly at the publican's daughter; upon which, the publican's daughter shrugged up her shoulders.

The play, however, all things considered, went off very decorously, with the single exception of one scene, when I was a little apprehensive that there was going to be tragedy in earnest. It occurred after Othello had applied that very unbecoming epithet to his lady, which gives rise to Desdemona's delicate piece of circumlocution:

"DES.—Am I that name, Iago?"

"IAGO.—"What name, fair lady?"

"DES.—Such as she says my lord did say I was?"

Just as Mrs. Weazle had made this interrogation, I heard a most expressive "Hem!" and on looking to the side-wing from whence it proceeded, saw my friend Othello winking at me in evident allusion to the question that had just been put by Desdemona, and the well-understood frailty of Mrs. W., with his finger laid very significantly on one side of his nose. Desdemona, too, heard and understood the purport of the "Hem!" and, turning suddenly round, caught Othello in the fact, with his finger laid as aforesaid. Her face assumed at once a most terrific expression: she made but three strides to the side-wing, and had not the gallant Moor effected a precipitate retreat, Heaven only knows what might have been the consequence. A cry of order, however, induced her to waive her private resentments, in order to contribute to the gratification of the public, and the scene proceeded harmoniously.

Three days afterwards a gentleman called upon me. It was Stanley. He was in extravagant spirits, and a suit of second-hand clothes gave him quite an imposing appearance. He had taken his place for London, and after paying his fare, retained the almost incredible sum of £7 10s. in his pocket-book, on a spare leaf of which was pasted the criticism from the "B— Advertiser." Fame and fortune, he said, were now within his grasp—he had only to stretch forth his hand. If he succeeded,

of which he did not entertain the shadow of a doubt, "untold gold," he assured me, would be but a slight acknowledgment for my kindness. He intended, however, once more to change his name, as a "provincial reputation," he said, was rather injurious than otherwise in London, in consequence of the superciliousness of the metropolitan critics; but under whatever cognomen, *after* his first decided hit, I should indubitably hear from him.

Two years have now elapsed, and I have *not* heard from him. Poor fellow! I am apprehensive his benefit at B—— has been but a partial gleam of sunshine, and that he is still kept back by the caprices of fortune, the blindness of managers, and the envy and ill-will of his brother actors—in fact, a regular conspiracy of the whole world. Never mind—he may be penniless, but he can never be poor whilst he retains his buoyant spirits and affluent imagination; though I am afraid he still continues, in his own opinion, what I found him—a very "ILL-USED GENTLEMAN."

CONSEQUENCE OF POPULARITY.

"My door," says Mrs. Siddons, "was soon beset by various persons quite unknown to me, whose curiosity was on the alert to see the new actress, some of whom actually forced their way into my drawing-room, in spite of remonstrance or opposition. This was as inconvenient as it was offensive; for, as I usually acted three times a-week, and had, besides, to attend the rehearsals, I had but little time to spend unnecessarily. One morning, though I had previously given orders not to be interrupted, my servant entered the room in a great hurry, saying, 'Ma'am, I am very sorry to tell you, that there are some ladies below, who say they must see you, and it is impossible for me to prevent it. I have told them over and over again that you are particularly engaged, but all in vain; and now, ma'am, you may actually hear them on the stairs.' I felt extremely indignant at such unparalleled impertinence; and before the servant had done speaking to me, a tall, elegant, invalid-looking person presented herself (whom I am afraid, I did not receive very graciously); and after her, four more, in slow succession. A very awkward silence took place; when presently the first lady began to accost me, with a most inveterate Scotch twang, and in a dialect which was scarcely intelligible to me in those days. She was a person of very high rank; her curiosity, however, had been too powerful for her good breeding.

"'You must think it strange,' said she, 'to see a person entirely unknown to you intrude in this manner upon your privacy; but, you must know, I am in a very delicate state of health, and my physician won't let me go to the theatre to see you, so I am come to look at you here.' She accordingly sat down to look, and I to be looked at, for a few painful moments, when she arose and apologized; but I was in no humour to overlook such insolence, and so let her depart in silence."

Enal.

